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THE JERUSALEM POST WEEK-END MAGAZINE



MR. ROGERS' BITTER CUP

By Erwin Frenkel

WASHINGTON. —
HISTORICALLY, the most thankless task in the top echelon of American government is the Vice-Presidency. There, personal will and idea must be held severely subordinate to loyalty to party and president without the compensation of executive responsibility.

In the Nixon Administration the most bitter cup has shifted to the Secretary of State. In part this is a matter of political accident. Unlike his predecessors, Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey, Mr. Agnew was elevated from obscurity to the second spot. He had neither a substantial base of power or national popularity which he was compelled to forfeit for loyalty to the chief. And his delight in gaining, using and being permitted to use the national forum to ventilate his opinions makes him an unusual, and perhaps unusually satisfied Vice-President. The pundits speculate not on his agonies, but on his politics. It is Mr. Rogers for whom dissection of agony is reserved.

Perhaps the Secretary had a notion of what might await him when he turned down the post after Mr. Nixon's original offer. As a senior partner in a prestigious New York-Washington law firm, with long service as Attorney General and Deputy Attorney General in the Eisenhower Administration behind him, Mr. Rogers had no reasons of status, money or interest to accept the job. His \$80,000 salary as Secretary is less, as the "New York Times" has written, than the income tax he paid as a lawyer. And his political experience and interests were domestic — perhaps with an eye to an eventual appointment to the Supreme Court — not diplomatic.

Loyalty to Nixon

But loyalty to an insistent Mr. Nixon prevailed. Their friendship dated back to the days when Richard Nixon was a young Congressman and Rogers was counsel to a Congressional committee. The Congressman learned to appreciate the advocate's advice and judgment, which also served him well at critical points in his years as Vice-President.

In his book on the crisis periods of his life, Mr. Nixon wrote: "Bill Rogers was a cool man under pressure, had excellent judgment, a good sense of press relations and was one to whom I could speak without any concern that what I might say would find its way into the Washington mill."

Rogers was a man whom Mr. Nixon wanted at his side. And despite his inexperience in for-

(Continued on page 8)



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ROGERS' BITTER CUP

(Continued from page 1)

sign affairs — and perhaps to some degree because of it — there were also good reasons to have him as Secretary of State. Personal loyalty and lack of

fixed foreign policy ideas were undoubtedly assets in the view of a President intent on nailing his own foreign policy. Politically, Mr. Rogers' identification with the liberal internationalist East, and the Republican establishment was another essential ingredient. Moreover, Mr. Rogers' easy affability and capacity to disarm rather than antagonize foes and critics were attributes which any President, and perhaps especially Mr. Nixon, would believe useful when considering his future dealings with the Congress, press, and public.

Mr. Nixon may also, as others before him, have toyed with the idea of paring the State Department down to a lean and quickly responsive instrument of policy with Mr. Rogers (fresh from the outside) wielding the scalpel. If so, nothing has come of that. But on every other count, Mr. Rogers has proved a faithful presidential aide.

And of course it is precisely this image of a faithful subordinate removed from the process of deciding as opposed to executing policy, which has made Mr. Rogers a succulent dish for Washington's many connoisseurs of political misfortune.

In part the image is fostered by personality. Arranged against the blue-eyed Mr. Rogers in the public's view of the policy pecking order are Defence Secretary Melvin Laird, a tough 16-year Congressional veteran armed with the vast clout of the Pentagon, and Henry Kissinger, the muscular intellectual whose expertise in proximity to the President and effective command of the National Security Council mechanism make him loom as the Metetrach of Pennsylvania Avenue.

Senate campaign

Mr. Rogers is also the victim of a larger political struggle pitting the legislature against the President. Senate liberals weaponed on the virtues of executive authority now make an ideology of slashing presidential powers. And, as in the case of Senator Fulbright, they hit out in all directions, wielding the image of State Department impotence as a weapon against what they deem presidential usurpation of power. The irony is that in doing so they further discredit Mr. Rogers and embarrass him in the eyes of foreign diplomats even as they ostensibly defend him.

Beyond that is the even more fundamental problem of managing foreign policy which has troubled every recent administration. Mr. Rogers, well versed in the method of the Eisenhower years, was not ready to repeat that experience where a President abdicated in large part to his Secretary of State. Nor disenchanted by the State Department as were Kennedy and Roosevelt, has he sought visibly to rule with a small White House coterie.

Rather, desirous of orderly processes and intellectually aware perhaps more than any of his predecessors of the interdependence between military power and diplomacy, he has sought to manage external relations within the conception of national security policy and its most suitable institutional instrument — the National Security Council.

This downgrades the State Department as an instrument, though that is a process notable long before Mr. Rogers. But it also clips the role of the Secretary. He becomes a participant in the decision-making process,

representative as well of the institutional power he commands, but he is neither the prime architect in the manner of a Dulles or the foreign policy chief of staff in the manner of an Acheson.

Thus quite apart from the curiosities of domestic politics and intrigue, and quite apart from the question of Mr. Rogers' own experience in foreign affairs, his role has been largely determined by the conceptual frame and penchant for disciplined decision which Mr. Nixon has brought to the making of foreign policy.

One inverted result of this state of affairs is that it has enhanced the power of the Secretary and the State Department in determining Middle East policy. Residents in the White House have of course often found it expedient, for domestic reasons, to keep the State Department out in front on the Middle East. Flak from American Jews on unfavourable decisions regarding Israel could thus be deflected, while relief from such decisions could be channelled to a President's advantage.

But equally important in determining the Department's place is the nature of the Middle East problem. Unlike other regions of policy such as Vietnam, arms control, European security, the Middle East is not viewed in the first instance as a matter of national security. Thus whereas the Pentagon and White House largely eclipse the State Department on the war, the Salt talks, and say Berlin or Nato, it is Mr. Rogers and Mr. Sisco who assume prominence on the Middle East.

In these terms it might be said that the aim of U.S. policy in the region is to prevent the Middle East from becoming pre-eminently a matter of U.S. security by controlling the process of American-Soviet military involvement.

The prominence of the diplomatic mechanism with Mr. Rogers at the top is therefore not only a matter of fact, but the method betrays the aim.

On a purely personal level, it means as well, according to most observers here, that Mr. Rogers sees the Middle East problem as the one area of his responsibility where he can make his mark. Investment of time, thought, and prestige has been high. And the Secretary's present visit in the area marks a new point of commitment.

Sense of urgency

To what degree the sense of urgency so notable in American Middle East policy can be traced to such personal factors is impossible to determine. Whatever the source, it is primary fact.

Critics of Mr. Rogers contend that his impatient desire to engage progress in the Middle East has felled him on critical occasions, such as the talks with Soviet Ambassador Anatol Dobrynin which led to last summer's cease-fire and the Egyptian-Soviet missile violations.

And it is generally believed here that in February only the President's restraining hand prevented Mr. Rogers and Mr. Sisco from unleashing greater pressure upon Israel in the Jarring talks.

His defenders say he is much too shrewd and unflappable a lawyer to permit Dobrynin to outwit him. And behind the good humoured exterior lies a harder core. One story, cited as indis-

THE JERUSALEM POST

The family pages and the What's On and Cinema listing appear today in the regular section, owing to technical difficulties caused by yesterday's holiday.



cative of this inner flint concerns an encounter in March 1969 with Abba Eban. The Foreign Minister came to Washington with orders to try to reverse the Administration's decision to join the Big Four talks. Mr. Eban objected and objected again, "running

about on one of Rogers' pet prejudices — repetition."

Reportedly Mr. Rogers then said: "I heard you. I said the President has decided we're going to do this thing. I hope you don't mind my speaking frankly and I look forward to working with you. But I just wanted you to know that if you tell me that once more, you're not helping your cause, you're alienating me."

Good humour

In his public appearances, however, there is never a trace of flint. Rather what projects is his almost bland reasonableness and good humour, which he is often ready to deploy against himself and with a sparkle in his eye against some Cabinet colleagues.

When in the early months of his reign as Secretary his reputation for being cool was well broadcast, Rogers reportedly told one diplomat: "Everyone refers to me as cool. Actually it's just that I'm numb. I had no idea what this job was about." Rogers, who is 58, was born in a small town in upstate New York, where his father worked in a paper mill. He attended Colgate University on scholarship

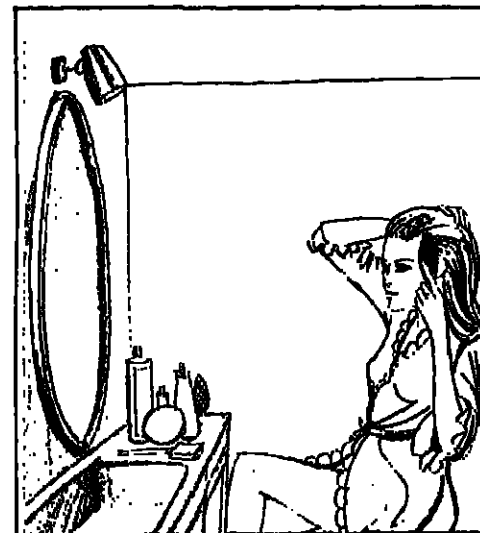
and graduated from the Law School in 1937, 6th in his class.

Like so many others who gained prominence in Republican ranks, Rogers was associated with the late Thomas E. Dewey during his racketeer busting days as District Attorney in New York County. He is said to have tried over 1,000 cases as an assistant to Dewey. After a war stint in the navy, Rogers came to Washington as counsel for a Congressional committee and in 1950 returned to private law practice until 1953 when he joined the Eisenhower Administration.

He is married and has three sons — the eldest of whom has served in Vietnam — and a married daughter.

Certainly there is little in the Rogers story which equips him to help determine the national history of Jew or Arab. Neither Colgate, law school or the Justice Department fitted him for that. And no doubt he would be the first to admit it. But the overriding fact of American world power has conspired to inject him into the heart of the matter — at least for this moment in time.

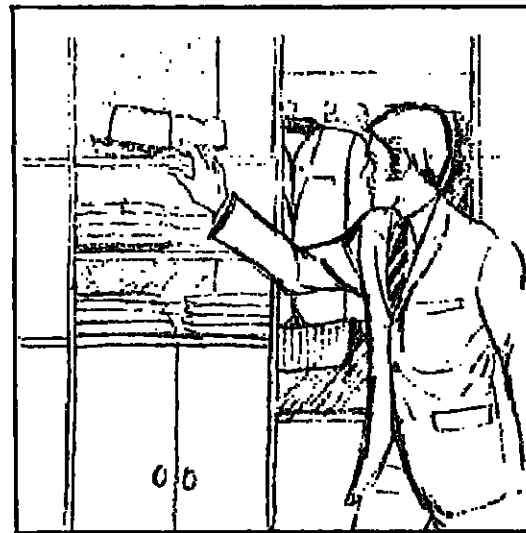
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Virtually unknown a year ago, the Jewish Defence League in America has rocketed in recent months to dramatic heights, becoming a rallying standard for thousands of Jews — but anathema to others. Its violent activities on behalf of Russia's beleaguered Jews have assumed the proportions of a nightmare for edgy, startled diplomats in both Washington and Moscow. Behind its battle-cry of "Never Again" has emerged an aggressive and puzzling figure on the Jewish scene: Rabbi Meir Kahane. Due as an immigrant in Jerusalem in August, Rabbi Kahane and his somewhat complex career are here discussed by PAUL GOULD, editor and professor of journalism, himself a new immigrant from America.

RIDDLE OF THE RABBI



RABBI MEIR KAHANE

"BRILLIANT, but unpredictable and wild... potentially dangerous," is the way a school friend, at present an instructor in English at the Hebrew University, characterizes him.

"A modern Bar Kochba, a magnetic leader who has stirred the imagination of the Jewish people as no one in the last 50 years, is the judgement of one of the largest chapters of Haddassah, an organization the 'magnetic leader' has played as 'fat cats' of America's Jewish Establishment."

"It reminds me of Etzel," said a world-famous Israeli surgeon from Poland. "Just as Etzel contributed to Britain's decision to surrender its grip on Palestine, so this man may be exerting a similar effect on Russia's granting visas to Jews seeking to leave for Israel."

ALL of course, were speaking of Rabbi Meir Kahane, founder of the Jewish Defence League in America, at once a colourful and controversial character. He is due in Israel in August, and has not called off the League's programme to pursue and harass Russians until the Kremlin removes restrictions on Jewish immigration to Israel.

"We will make their lives miserable," vows Rabbi Kahane. "So long as a Jew can't walk securely in the Soviet Union, the Russians are not going to walk securely here" (i.e., America).

The missionary zeal seems legitimate enough; it is the method and ideology that have caused rifts not only between the U.S. and Russia but within large segments of the American Jewish public.

The 38-year-old well-built, handsome rabbi who also holds two law degrees, is at present under multiple indictments in the States on a staggering list of charges ranging from assault, burglary, rioting and criminal mischief to attempts to obtain rifles and passports under fictitious names. Indeed, one couple has been accused of seeking to board a BOAC plane under false names and carrying concealed explosives. Offices of Arab propagandists in New York have been invaded and wrecked and one leading Arab official pummeled to the point of needing hospitalization. Russian consulate office switchboards have been tied up by a torrent of ceaseless calls, rendering official business impossible. Stink bombs have disrupted stage performances by Russian musicians and dancers. Aero-flight offices were twice damaged, once by a brick hurled from a passing car, the other time by a pipe-bomb explosion. (JDL of-



Violence in New York: Jewish demonstrator lies "cold" on the pavement after clash with police.

ficials deny complicity in the bombing but have never condemned it.) And in a broadened move, the League instituted a consumer boycott against products of U.S. companies doing business with Russia; only a few days ago nine members marched into the office of U.S. Secretary of Commerce Maurice Stans and demanded the U.S. cease trade that "strengthens a government which is engaged in genocide."

Nor are the States the only cauldron where he is stirring his hot and steamy brew. The Jewish Defence League, with recently opened chapters in London and Amsterdam, now claims to be a world-wide organization.

Brussels appearance

A possible preview of what lies ahead at future conclaves overseas unfolded on the stage in Brussels in February, where 750 delegates representing 38 Jewish communities assembled for a World Conference on Soviet Jewry. Denied the right to speak, Rabbi Kahane nevertheless put in an unscheduled appearance and sought the lectern to unload a presumed Jewish attack on Russia and the Jewish delegates, with whom he is at odds over tactics and strategy. "The Scarsdale of New York," he calls them, referring to an upper middle-class suburb not known what it means to endure the chaos, crime and violence that exist in today's big cities.

When he was denied the floor, the rabbi's free-speech advocates

present — of whom there were more than just a few from America — reacted violently; a near-riot ensued and amid the tumult Belgian police were summoned to intercede; Rabbi Kahane was escorted from the hall and shortly after ejected from the country. He made more headlines than the Soviet Jews who were the subject of the conference.

Charismatic, yes; a leader who appeals to many Jews hitherto unreached by major Jewish organizations waging their conventional, respectable campaigns on behalf of Russia's Jews. Perhaps Rabbi Kahane is not all that kosher. An element of the bizarre was vaguely kindled the American Jewish public's anxiety.

This fear has been heightened by a recent disclosure that for a period of three years, prior to the emergence of the JDL in 1968, Rabbi Kahane actually lived two lives.

The above-surface, readily visible ambience was that of a Betar-indoctrinated yeshiva student, later to become an ordained rabbi, the father of four children, indeed the cherished descendant of a long line of distinguished rabbis who for almost 100 years were spiritual leaders in Palestine and who, though dismissed by his conservative congregation after a dispute involving members' children attending yeshivot, had become the fiery editor of a weekly newspaper in Brooklyn, the "Jewish Press." This sensation-seeking tabloid was said to have whipped up a circulation of 130,000 readers — a considerable

feat, if true.

The other life of this young rabbi-editor-activist involved a complicated and lamely-explained career as a right-wing mobilizer, a polemicist, and a Washington researcher-author-editor, all of whom passed under the name of Michael King. According to the "New York Times," which devoted much of a five-column-long account to this particular period, the Queens-dwelling rabbi maintained a second apartment in Manhattan as Michael King, removed himself from his unsuspecting family most of the week and began to circulate in circles not commonly associated with those of an Orthodox rabbi.

It was this man, Michael King, who was featured in an interview in Hearst's New York "Journal-American," a right-wing daily now defunct, together with a photo of the rabbi with a caption that plainly identified him as Michael King. The interview was on King's plans to head a newly formed "July 4th Movement" whose purpose was to mobilize college campus support for the war in Vietnam.

That interview, Rabbi Kahane later admitted, according to the "Times," was granted and the picture permitted because the reporter, Guy Richards, had vouchsafed that "no Jew reads the Journal," and be likely to recognize King as Rabbi Kahane. (Since the "Journal-American" had the largest circulation of any evening paper in New York and was not untouched by Jewish hands, this explanation sounds baffling.)

It was under that name, Michael King, together with two other authors, that a book appeared at this time, "The Jewish Stake in Vietnam." Two of the authors, the jacket noted with no elaboration or explanation, were Michael King and Meir Kahane. The book appeared under the aegis of an unknown house, Crossroads Publishing, which subsequently turned out to be a one-shot outfit spawned by Rabbi Kahane and the other author.

Further, it developed, Rabbi Kahane — again under the name of King — in rapid succession passed himself off as a foreign correspondent for a non-existent African news agency, then edited a short-lived Washington bi-weekly letter dealing with night life in the Capital, and solicited contracts for research work, one of which was a position paper on the Greek view of the then smouldering Cyprus war for Senator Jacob Javits.

In Jerusalem, his younger brother, Nahman, assistant to the Minister for Religious Affairs, dismissed the entire three-year King career as "without significance." "It was only a stage in a very active life," he told this writer. "After all, he had used the name Michael King when he first free-

(Continued on page 6)

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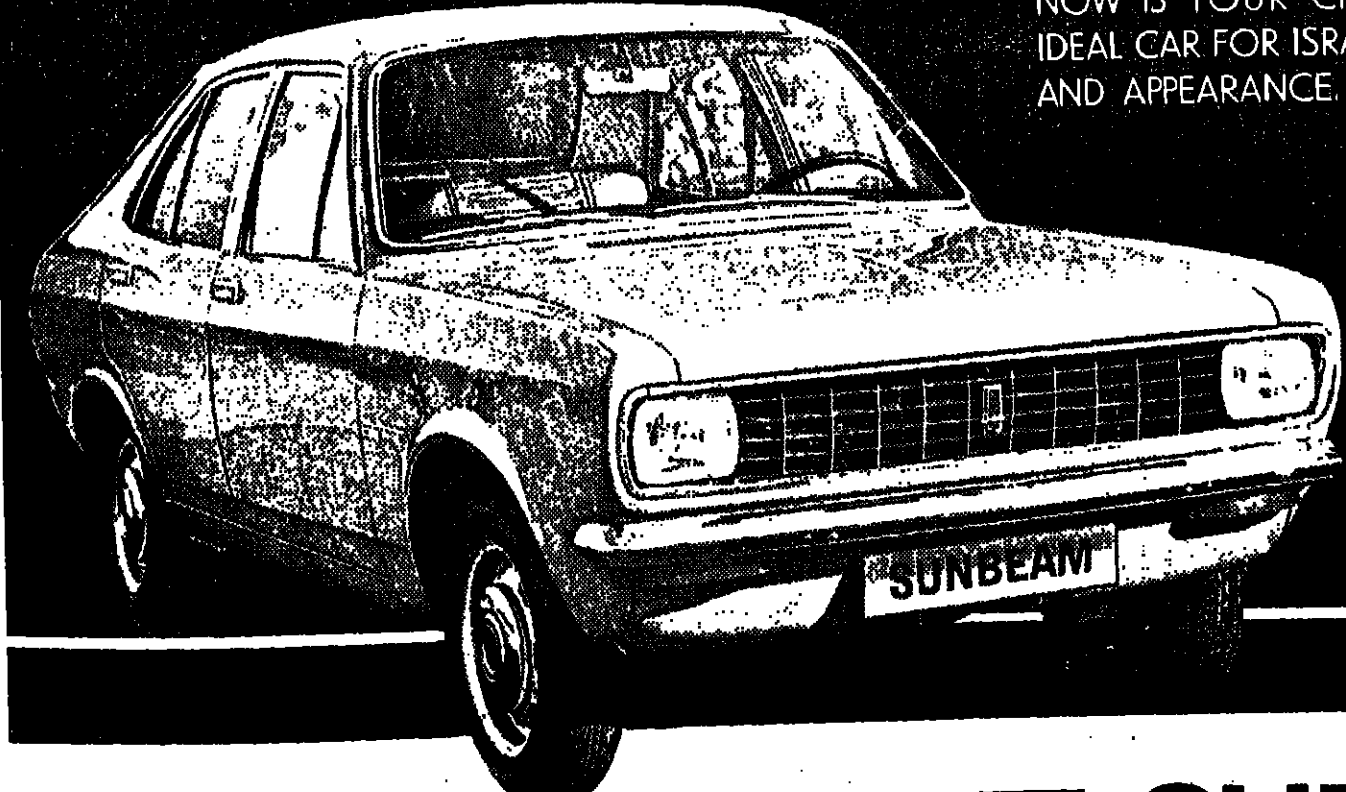
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FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1971

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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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RIDDLE OF THE RABBI

(Continued from page 4)
lanced for community papers at most 10 years ago.

Those seeking to discredit the rabbi find ready ammunition in still another odd development in the life of Michael King. This involves a fund set up in memory of a girl who likewise bore two names, Estelle Donna Evans and Gloria Jean D'Argento, depending, apparently, on whether she was a model or an office worker, at one time for Kahane himself.

"What actually happened," he related, "was that Miss Evans' father, stricken over the loss of his only child, wanted to set up some memorial to her. He approached my brother and asked him to head a foundation named after her."

Miss Evans leaped to her death from a bridge in New York City and in the following year Rabbi Kahane established a charitable organization in her name. The foundation has raised large sums of money through advertisements in J.D.L. publications and claims to have contributed over \$140,000 to Israel's needy.

American Jews are troubled by the vigilante-style activities of the League.

Members of the JDL are trained in karate, judo and the use of billy clubs at a special camp in upstate New York and often lean to black jackets and Sam Brown belts. Their caps are distinctive, sporting a clenched fist inside a Star of David.

Their "follow, question and harass" operation involved persistent shadowing of Russian diplomats and members of their families, particularly in super-markets and near their homes. Maintaining a constant flow of protest and such Russian injunctions as "polishi domoi!" (go home) and "avoboda yevreham" (freedom for the Jews), they have succeeded in making Russians, according to one western diplomat, "keenly aware of what the Jews in Russia must be suf-



fering. Their faces turn white with fear when accosted by these Leaguers."

Russians in turn charge their harassers with uttering obscenities. Bitter complaints have been lodged with Washington by Moscow and some reprisals against Americans followed in Russia. Israel was inevitably dragged into the hassle and Mrs. Golda Meir openly expressed disapproval of JDL tactics.

The American Establishment's view of JDL, uncompromising and predictably jaundiced, is summed up by the American Jewish Committee, which asserted that the Leaguers' actions "transformed the brutal Soviet victimizers of Jews into innocent victims at the hands of Jews," thereby invoking sympathy in non-Jewish circles for the Russians.

"For the Jewish community to indulge or sanction extremism or terrorism on the part of members of its own community would in fact compromise the moral credibility and effectiveness of American Jewry and of Israel in their united opposition to all forms of political extremism, especially in the Middle East," its spokesman, Rabbi Marc Tanenbaum, asserted.

The Establishment also openly doubts JDL claims of 10,000 members. "Perhaps a thousand pay the \$15-a-year dues," one observer said.

In New York, two years before the JDL turned to the political sphere, it had established a reputation as a defender of diplomat, "keenly aware of what the Star of David in dramatic fashion. The once-fashionable

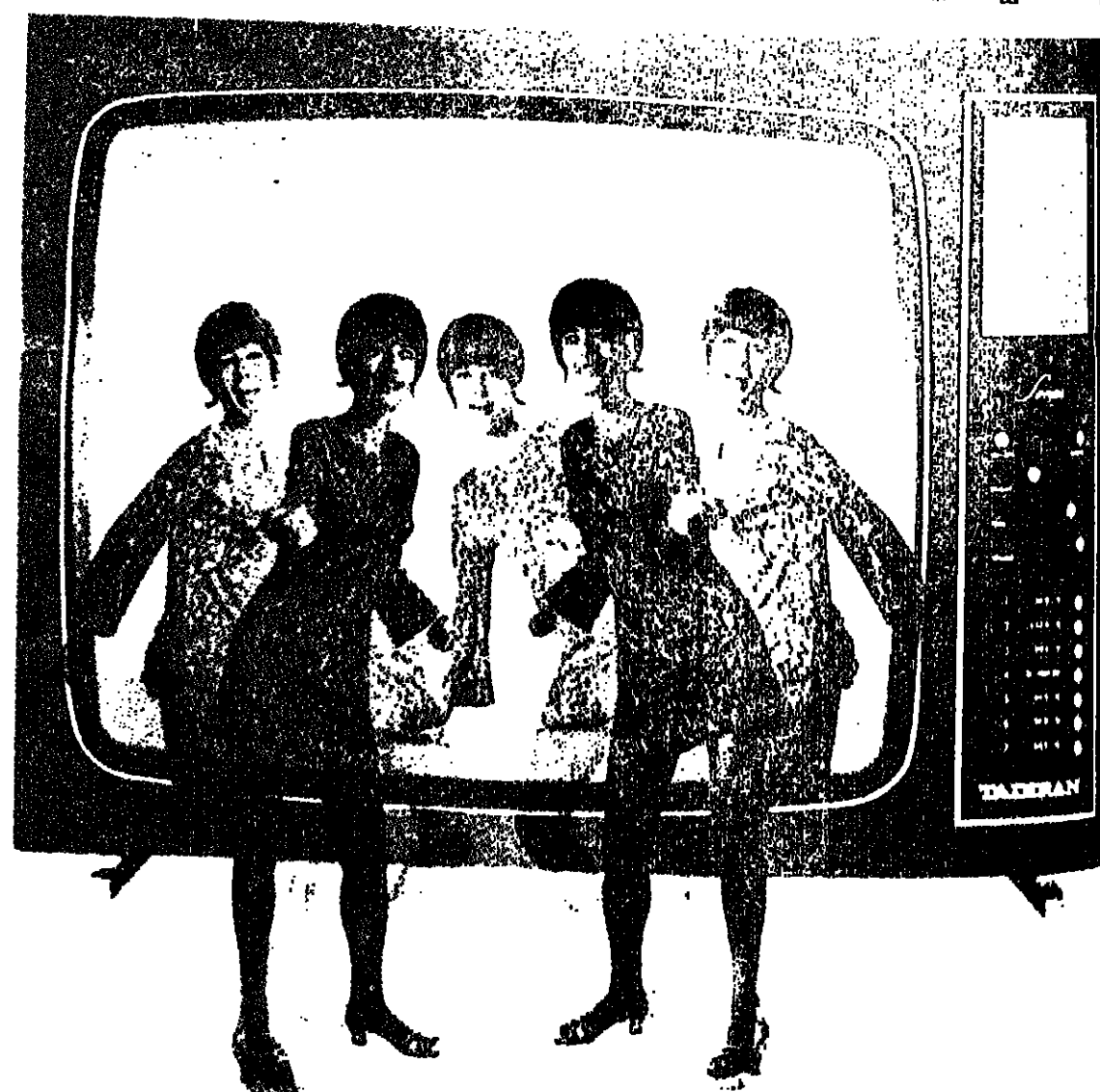
Crown Heights section had become a black ghetto, but many Jews still lived there, unable to pay skyrocketing rents in white areas. Victimized by thugs and drug addicts, they went in mortal fear of their lives if they had to return home after dark.

It was then that the JDL organized street patrols. Calls to certain numbers brought cars with club-equipped Leaguers and safety was restored to the streets, causing no end of embarrassment to the police.

Likewise in 1968, a bitter dispute involving Jewish teachers and the black community erupted in the Ocean Hill section of Brooklyn. Militant Negroes, encouraged by a Ford Foundation-sponsored grant for a pilot test of community control of schools, opened an attack against Jewish teachers who were members of the Teachers Union. The board sought the right to fire Jewish teachers and succeeded in convincing the Board of Education and Mayor John Lindsay. The union stood firm and the JDL mobilized its guard, who, armed with clubs and chains, escorted the teachers past the milling crowd into the classrooms.

Rabbi Meir Kahane, head of the Jewish Defense League, being taken to the hall of the Jewish conference in Brussels.

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SPENDING the week of the recent Passover in Ashkelon reminded me of the story of the Orthodox woman, beset by the problems of preparing both the house for the holiday and the seder who turned to the Lord and cried: "Why did You arrange for the seder to coincide *dafke* with the Passover?" Judging from the storms that raged the holidays, it is a pity that the Exodus did not take place in June.

The weather made it rather unwise to judge the efforts of the Elat-Ashkelon Oil Line Company to protect the beaches from the contamination it has introduced into once virgin seas. The beaches were black, and it was with a certain vicious, disgruntled satisfaction that I saw that one of the freighters, the *Tien Sun*, had been driven high on to the Barnaa beach. It is good to know that the ocean takes its revenge.

There seemed to be a certain symbolism in what happened on the third and fourth days of the week: the sea was thick with mud for several miles from the shore. Either the mud in their gills or the pounding of the waves had proved too much for the fish: all along the blackened sands the poor people of Ashkelon were gathering a miraculous catch of fish killed by the storms, huge and small, fish of a size I have never seen taken out of the Mediterranean by any fishermen, fish in such abundance that the harvesters staggered under their gigantic burdens.

Sand cleaned

A week later the sun was shining, the waters were calm, the "Tien Sun" was being towed away by Greek tugs, the sand of the beach, although not white, was churned up by machines as if a giant had been making sandcastles, and completely clear of tar. It was possible to go down for a swim without having to carry a kerosene can in one's hand. Indeed, Ashkelon's hoteliers and oil dealers claim proudly and correctly that the beach, after cleaning by the machines, is cleaner than any other beach in the country. But what the oil has done to the sea life off the coast must be an ecologist's nightmare: certainly, one no longer sees crab racing backwards sufficiently to the past to put a sloping tiled roof on his new row of shops — the original architect of the State Commercial Centre, South African Jack Barnett, once said, "Of course, sloping tiled roofs will be obligatory here." Little did he know — the block after block surrounding the cottages of Afirid are now straight copies of similar blocks in Tel Aviv, Kir Saba, modern towns that do not have life-savers. Cleaning only those

A PLEASURE RESORT OVERTAKEN BY THE DEMANDS OF PROGRESS

beaches which are marked "bathing permitted" is obviously absurd; some people like to get away from the crowd, and anyway it is legal to walk on the sands even where one cannot swim in the waves.

So the storms of Passover are now forgotten, some of the beaches are very clean indeed, the life-savers are on duty, the tankers give us all a feeling of being wealthy indeed and of having ruined the Egyptians while the romantic host about our overland Suez Canal while they tun.

New hotels

Two new hotels are being added to Ashkelon. One, the King Shaul, is already open. The original master plan of Ashkelon contemplated all the hotels being sited along a road near the beach, with a green belt between the beach zone and the residential area of Afirid to separate the residents and tourists. This concept was gradually whittled away, as Israeli hoteliers like to huddle close to homes, and the King Shaul has been built as an extension of the residential area. It began rather curiously as a magnificent swimming-pool, around which a hotel has come into existence, modern, rectangular in design, with small cottages clustered around the mother building. The other new hotel "The Gardens of Shulamit," more concrete rectangles, is being built in the beach zone, close to the Roman Tomb, where faded, dusty beauties painted on the roof used to try to revive the deceased.

Everywhere there are signs that progress is in the ascendant. It used to be possible, from the porticoes of the Afirid Commercial Centre, to keep a watchful eye on the ocean. Now all one can see are new buildings springing up. Oh, well, why be a sniggerer for a view? One of the new builders has at least bowed sufficiently to the past to put a sloping tiled roof on his new row of shops — the original architect of the State Commercial Centre, South African Jack Barnett, once said, "Of course, sloping tiled roofs will be obligatory here." Little did he know — the block after block surrounding the cottages of Afirid are now straight copies of similar blocks in Tel Aviv, Kir Saba, modern towns that do not have life-savers. Cleaning only those

The red-tiled roofs of Ashkelon are giving way to square housing units (top) and soon, high-rise apartments. Above: attractive "old" villas near a beach that is periodically fouled by oil.

can build with regard only to functionality. Progress in Israel, as Jerusalemites are learning, is measured by height, and Ashkelon is no exception. The cottages of Afirid will be surrounded by blocks of varying heights, going as high as 13 storeys; between the Afirid neighbourhood unit and Barnaa a solid wall of concrete will mark the division of the units, instead of the green belt dreamed up by the original South African planners.

'On the hill'

Particularly hard hit are the "aristocrats" of the town, those living on what is called "the hill." Ashkelon has been rare among Israeli towns because there were always possibilities of "upward mobility," of rising in the social scale from the Southern Migdal through the Afirid neighbourhood unit or the Samir neighbourhood unit to the cottages of Afirid, and then upward to the supreme height of a villa on "the hill." I remember how non-plus David Ben-Gurion was when he visited Ashkelon, at a time when the Mapai leaders of Migdal, all of whom lived in Afirid, were threatening to lead a march of the poor on "the snobs" unless the two towns were unified. "What do the people of Migdal say?" asked B.G. while being

entertained in the Afirid home of the Migdal mayor. "We are the people of Migdal!" explained the democrats.

Dr. Peter Vardi, a pediatrician living on the "snob" hill, recalls the rigorous rules laid down by the Afirid Housing Corporation when the snobs set out to build their homes. No house could be more than one storey, or a storey and a half where there was a sharp slope of more than two metres between the highest and lowest points of the stand; each house had to have a pitch, red-tiled roof, to fit in with the character of the Afirid neighbourhood unit, floor levels were fixed, building lines were rigorously enforced, a special expert was employed to see that nobody broke a rule by as much as a hairbreadth.

306 more units

Just below "the hill" is an empty plateau, adjoining Barnaa. Here will be built 306 housing units — and by "housing units" Dr. Vardi means "housing units" in the Israeli sense of the term, not houses — contained in blocks varying in height from four storeys to 12. No longer will the Vardis be able to sit on their porch and survey the ocean like Robinson Crusoe; they will have an excellent view of the private lives of their neighbours through

the windows of the nearby skyscrapers. These may be more interesting, at that, than an ocean full of tankers, but...

The aristocrats on the hill have lodged a protest against the proposed democratic plan with the District Planning Commission but they suspect that the sympathy of the Commission is not really with their efforts to block the upward march of concrete.

Between this area and the sea, on the northern boundary between Afirid and Barnaa, the Afirid Housing Corporation is already building six-storey concrete blocks. Other projects in the speculators' minds include turning the orange groves between Migdal and Afirid into a very high-density residential area with blocks soaring up to 14 storeys, according to rumour. Also under consideration is moving the sports stadium, built by S.A. Maccabi next to Afirid, to a flat zone between Migdal and Afirid, so as to make room for more concrete: this makes planning sense, as the present stadium adjoins the area planned to be "downtown," the city centre between the neighbourhood units. This was planned on the assumption that Arab-built Migdal, 95 per cent slum, would "with away"; in the result, humming Migdal is still the commercial loadstar of the region.

Zion Hashimshoni, the Afirid Housing Corporation's architect, says that their original plan was to build six-storey buildings around the hill, but that the local planning commission wants 12 storeys, claiming that this will make it possible to have open spaces between buildings. As far as he knows, there is a new Master Plan providing for buildings of four to seven storeys where the orange groves are, but these are outside the Afirid domain. Incidentally, according to Dr. Vardi, this new Master Plan is the most closely guarded secret in the country since Israel decided to move on June 5, 1967; it is quite impossible for an ordinary citizen to get a peep at it.

More villas too

The Afirid Corporation has acquired a considerable area of land in Barnaa, near the sea-shore, and will develop it as villas. Other villas are springing up apace, where they were always planned to be, on the western fringe of the present cottages in the Afirid unit. Most of Barnaa is now controlled by Solel Boneh, in settlement of the debt incurred by the original Barnaa Company for the building of those marvelous roads, which nearly became the centre of Israel's international motor racing. No doubt the sites, which Segal, the dreamer of Barnaa, expected to make a film and tourist capital, will also end up a concrete jungle.

Mr. Hashimshoni agrees that in Israel today the test of progress is how high one can soar. But it was always thus; he recalls an Arab client in Gaza, before 1948, who asked him to design a six-storey building with an elevator. After the plan was finished, the Arab only built one storey, but he was able to claim proudly that he was the only man in Gaza who had made provision in his building plans for an elevator.

When I discussed all these plans gloomily with a veteran Ashkelonite, he said cheerfully: "We must have progress. All this is certainly going to make the town richer. Property values are booming." I remember showing a famous town planner around Afirid in the old days: he said, "It's all very pretty, but wait till your town booms. You'll see your gardens and views crumbling away as land values go up. Later still, when Ashkelon is very, very rich, the town will restore its gardens at colossal expense as an answer to urban blight."

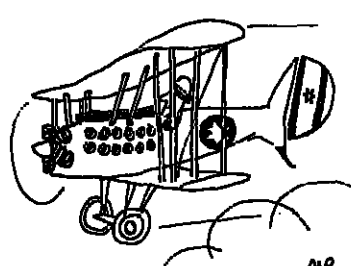
It seems that he was right. And not only about Ashkelon.

"UNCLE Sammy?"

"Yes, son."
"It says in the papers that the Egyptians have got another 560 planes."
"So they say. But don't believe these rumours. I am leaking them myself."
"I know. Still, the Arabs have got 3,300 planes. Do you intend to do something about it?"
"Of course. I am working on a master plan to supply you routinely every month one and a half Phantoms, starting in mid-January 1975."
"Won't it be a little slow?"
"The months are very brief you know. Take February, it has only 28 days, when there is no leap year."
"Couldn't I get an advance or something?"
"That will be difficult, doggone difficult. Only last month I lost 2,072 planes in Vietnam. So how could I, I ask you, how?"
"Make an effort, Uncle."
"Maybe towards the end of the century something will come up. Just between you and me, the White House is applying pressure on the State Department to deliver another reconnaissance plane in August 1976. But it's too early to talk about that. The

THE GREAT HANDICAP RACE

decision will fall sometime in May 1975, or in the early '80s. There is a lot of infighting in Washington, you know how these things are."
"Of course. Still, 3,300 planes." "3,360 now. Since we began talking, another 60 have landed in Alexandria. But, this is just to show you how alert I am to any infringement of the original balance. The 73:1 ratio between the Arabs and you must be maintained at all costs."
"How did you work out that handicap?"
"It's the result of a strategic survey based on averages. In World War I, the famous German pilot known as the Red Baron shot down 73 Allied planes before being shot down himself. So, multiply the 48 Phantoms we supplied you by 73 Migs, and 3,568 have practically already been turned to junk..."
"That's right. But the Arabs have 3,360 Migs, two over the ratio."
"Twenty over, time is passing." "So what shall we do?"



By Ephraim Kishon

Make an effort! Dig new shelters, pile sand bags round your buildings, withdraw from your territories. The main thing is, don't sit idly and remember the lesson history teaches; woe to the nation which entrusts its security to the force of arms!
"What's wrong with arms?"
"That I'm not supplying them."
"South Vietnam, Korea, Turkey, Spain, all the other boys are getting all the arms they ask for."
"True, but not for money! For money it's only you, only you. Because you are gentlemen, not beggars like that bunch."

"Just a sec, Sam! Let them be no misunderstanding: We have no intention whatsoever of turning those Phantoms into three..."
"Come on, be sports, just three..."
"No..."
"Two..."
"Not even one."
"So here we are again, mated, damn it..."
From "Uncle Sammy" by Yehonatan Golan. An adaptation with "Mishkan."

RADIO FOR MUSIC LOVERS

TODAY: 5.05 p.m.: Barber: Essay; Mozart: Piano Concerto No. 8; Mahler: Lieder eines Fahrenden Gesellen (Hans-Kristian). 8.30 p.m.: Verdi: "Stella Veneta"; Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto; Prokofiev: Symphony No. 6. 11.05 p.m.: Beethoven: String Quartet, opus 132 (Kopenhagen).
SATURDAY: 1.03 p.m.: Bruckner: Symphony No. 4 (Klemperer); 3.05 p.m.: Composers suggest... Yehonatan Braun. 9 p.m.: Beethoven: Mass in C (Hercham); 8.45 3/4 p.m.: Deutsche Radio-Kolleg: Suite No. 2; Violin Concerto in E; Double Concerto for Violin and Oboe; Brandenburg Concerto No. 4. 11.05 p.m.: Debussy: Prelude; Ravel: Bolero; Scherzo and Danza; 11.05 p.m.: New Philharmonia with Barbirolli; Schumann: "Despina"; March No. 1. 8.05 p.m.: Monn; Hummel; Dvorak; Stravinsky. 10.05 p.m.: "Laten Properly."
TUESDAY: 1.03 p.m.: Bach: Flute; Schubert: Baritone; 8.30 p.m.: Bruckner: Symphony No. 4; 8.30 p.m.: Mozart: Piano Concerto; 11.05 p.m.: Schumann: Piano Quartet; 11.05 p.m.: Schumann: Piano Quartet; 11.05 p.m.: Schumann: Piano Quartet.
WEDNESDAY: 1.03 p.m.: Cello; 8.30 p.m.: Schumann and Bach; 8.45 p.m.: Beethoven: String Quartet, op. 132; 11.05 p.m.: Schumann: Piano Quartet; 11.05 p.m.: Schumann: Piano Quartet.
THURSDAY: 1.03 p.m.: Bach: Prelude and Fugue in C minor (Schubert); 8.30 p.m.: Schumann: Piano Quartet; 11.05 p.m.: Schumann: Piano Quartet; 11.05 p.m.: Schumann: Piano Quartet.
FRIDAY: 1.03 p.m.: Schumann: Piano Quartet; 11.05 p.m.: Schumann: Piano Quartet; 11.05 p.m.: Schumann: Piano Quartet.

MAY DAY MANIFESTO 1971

Workers of the world!

On this first of May the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions sends fraternal greetings to all of you wherever you may be, and especially those who, living in dictatorship countries, are either not allowed to celebrate the traditional workers' day or forced to join in official celebrations which are a travesty and a denial of all that May Day stands for.

Ever since the workers first claimed this day as their own we have made it an annual occasion for showing our strength and for proclaiming our rights. This year it is the right of every man and woman to be employed which claims priority: let us combine our forces to ensure that they may enjoy this right in dignity and freedom everywhere.

Unemployment and the misery it engenders have always been an all too familiar scourge to the workers' movement. In wide areas of Asia, Africa, Latin America and the Caribbean the present situation ranges from the grave to the catastrophic. Despite the efforts of governments, despite the urgent appeals and exhortations of international bodies, productive jobs continue to multiply more slowly than human beings; hence the army of the unemployed and underemployed is growing larger and larger — frustration and despair are mounting in those regions. Even in some industrialised countries where unemployment was thought to have been contained it is once again growing at an alarming rate — largely as a consequence of a policy of fighting inflation by the wrong means.

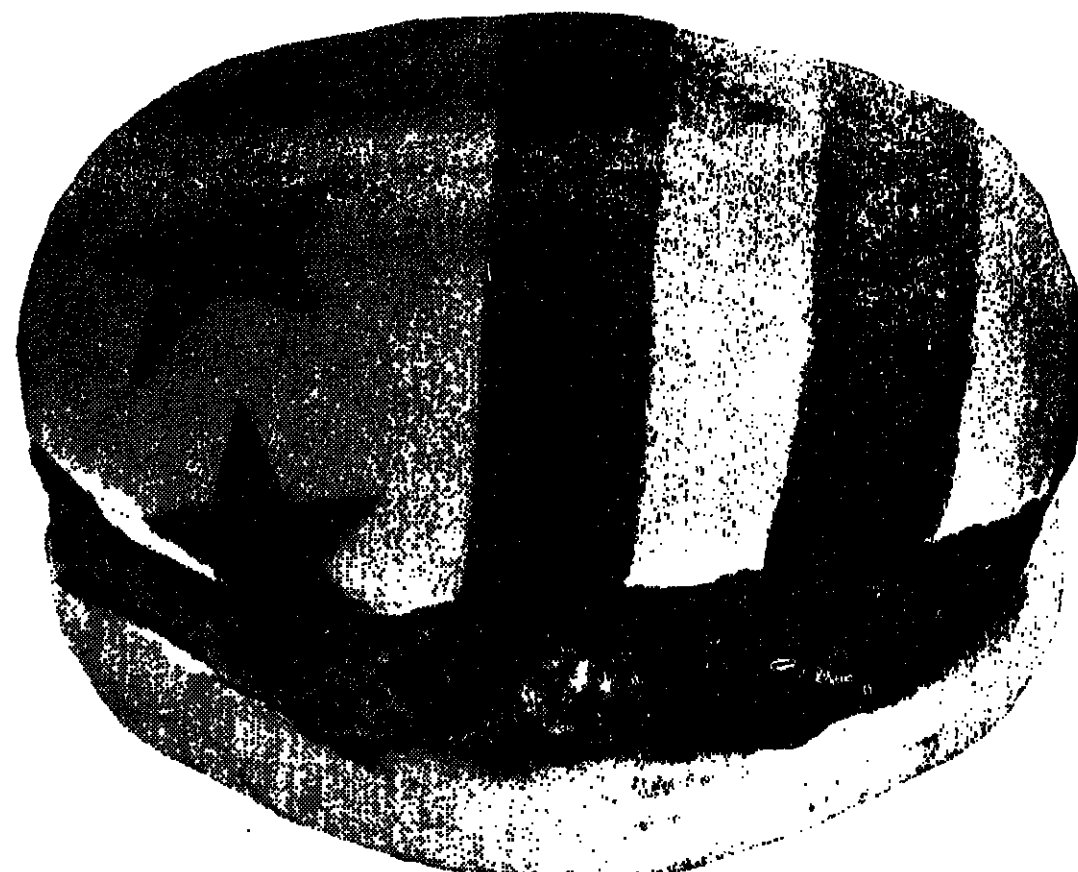
We live in a world where technical miracles can be achieved, where enough food can be grown for all, where machines can provide for the needs of mankind. But those in power do not seem to be able to make proper use of all these possibilities. Fantastic sums are wasted on armaments and wars, untold effort is expended to boost the consumption of useless luxury goods. Moreover, we see the bitter consequences of insane racial prejudices and discrimination and we witness the ruthless pursuit of profit to which every other human consideration is sacrificed.

Workers of the world! The International Confederation of Free Trade Unions issues a call to all to join in the campaign to rid the world of these abuses. The national approach alone cannot solve the problems facing us. Vast and radical changes are needed. Existing patterns of economic relationship between rich and poor countries — the state of economic dependence — must be replaced by international cooperation for the social and economic progress of mankind. The international division of labour must be based on social justice — this means that we demand fair labour standards everywhere. Custom barriers and other restrictions on trade must be dismantled; active employment and industrial policies must be vigorously pursued to prevent unemployment being caused by market disruptions. Sacrifices will be demanded — we shall insist that they shall not be borne by the workers alone, as in the past. But no change in policies will suffice — basic attitudes must be radically altered: the worship of production for production's sake, of economic development regardless of cost in human terms must be replaced by the conviction that man comes first, that he has the right to full, freely chosen and productive employment.

For let us not forget it: the right to work also entails the right to leisure, the right to work in dignity as a free man, the right, if necessary, to strike, the right, finally, to have a say in the planning of work at every level and in the shaping of working conditions. These rights in their fullness can only be achieved in democratic countries — they are absent in dictatorships of all shades where free trade unions cannot operate. The international free trade union movement will continue to fight until the right to work and all other basic freedoms are fully respected in all countries of the world.

Published in Israel by the Histadrut General Federation of Labour.

BUSINESS AS USUAL



Mr. Top's

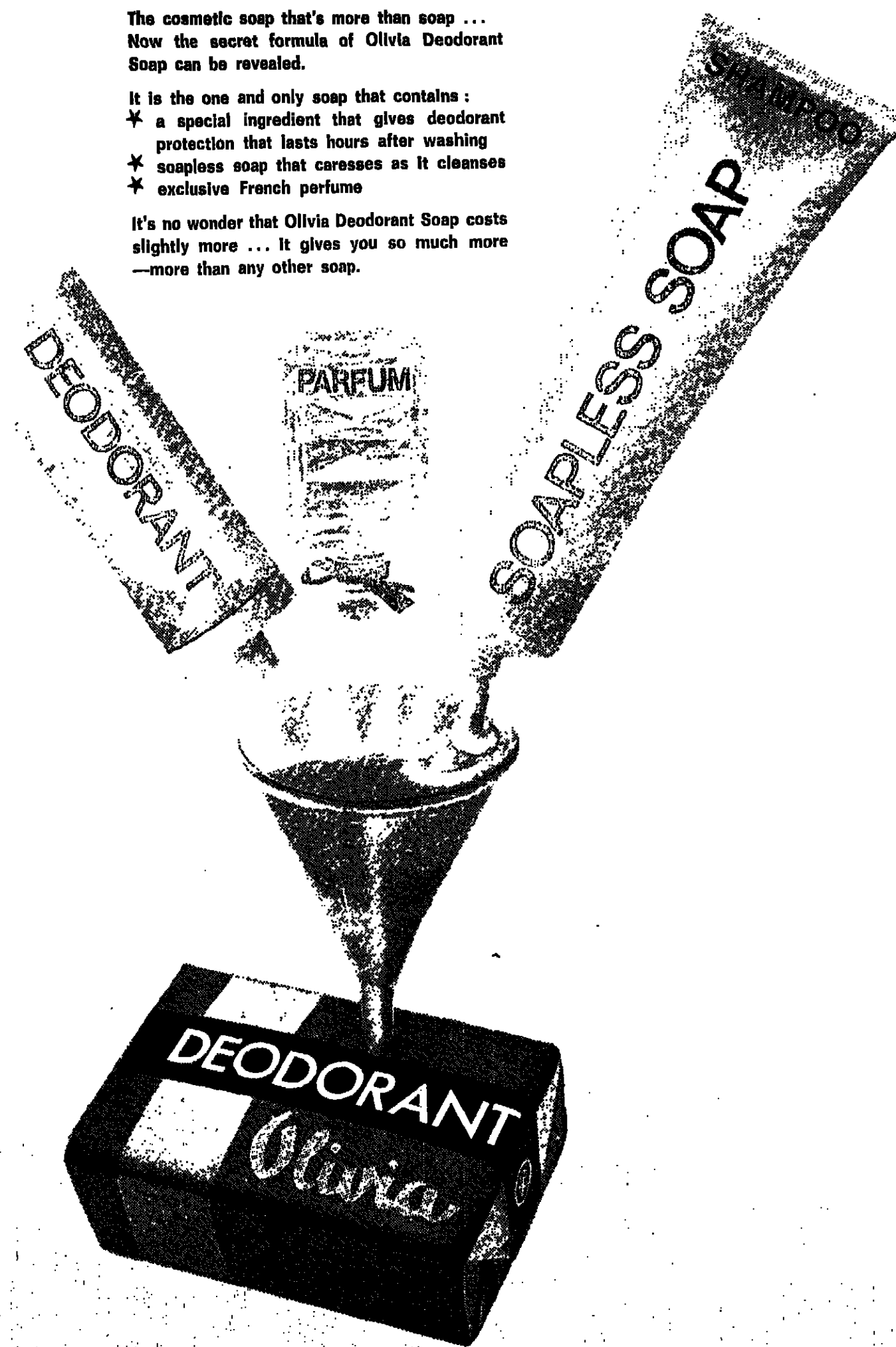
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1 Sderot David Hamelech, corner Ibn Gvirol (opposite the new "Rowa").
"MISTER TOPS" delicacies are available at the Exhibition Grounds.

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ETZ HAZAITH

AGAIN — FIRST WITH THE LATEST!

A muffed opportunity

By Reuven Berman

THE central problems of artistic policy and planning which have come out into the open in connection with the opening of the Tel Aviv Museum's new building, are to a large degree exemplified in the seven inaugural exhibitions themselves. The seven are displayed in three buildings: sculptures by Jacques Lipchitz, Leading 20th Century French Painters, Israeli Paintings and Sculpture, and the "Art and Science" show as well as numerous French tapestries by modern artists are being shown in the new building on Sderot Shaul Hamelech. More French tapestries and an international selection of sculptures from the Museum collection are installed in the Helena Rubinstein Pavilion. At Dizenoff House, where Israel's Declaration of Independence was made in 1947 and which is destined to become a Declaration of Independence Museum, there are works by participants in the Museum's art courses for youth and a selection of paintings from the collection.

Of the seven exhibitions, only one is devoted to Israeli art (the show of youth works really doesn't count). This is precisely the persistent ratio that has caused all the exasperation now rampant among the artists' community and among many art lovers here. In addition, this show of approximately 140 works by some 70 painters and sculptors is essentially a spineless amalgam, incomplete as a survey, disconnected chronically and piece-meal stylistically; it rambles on with no clear purpose. The average quality is high (though the quality of some works is questionable) but surely the occasion called for something more grand and definitive. With the date of the opening known well in advance there was certainly time to

prepare a carefully selected, carefully researched and catalogued synopsis of a period, a school or other grouping in depth that would please as well as edify. Considering the importance of the event, major commissions might have been ordered, perhaps financed and donated by commercial enterprises in Tel Aviv, and a second gallery designated to show them. The show has no catalogue (the foreign exhibitions do), which actually is logical since the show is aimless and accidental thus making an introduction or essay superfluous. A prime opportunity has been missed, not only for making an important contribution to the appreciation of Israeli art but also for launching a sophisticated demonstration of the art of contemporary museumship, something the prestige of the Museum, in the eyes of Israelis and guests alike, could surely use.

Emphasis on abroad

The emphasis, as usual, was put elsewhere, i.e., on exhibitions from abroad. The most ambitious and possibly the most successful venture is the exhibition of paintings by 12 leading 20th century French artists: Pierre Bonnard, Georges Braque, Marc Chagall, Andre Derain, Raoul Dufy, Juan Gris, Fernand Leger, Henri Matisse, Amedeo Modigliani, Pablo Picasso, Georges Rouault and Haim Soutine. Eighty works (between five and 13 each) by these artists were brought together from museums and private collections in 11 European and North American cities; seven are from the Museum collection.

Not all these works are masterpieces, but of each artist there are at least two or three paintings which reveal the mastery that makes him eminent. The poorest showing is that of Derain in which only one work barely hints at the

freshness which won him a place of honor among the Fauvists, while the rest are later, retrograde works, stiff, inert, nearly primitive examples of a resuscitated academism. The most consistent excellence is to be found in the group of 13 works by Modigliani. His paintings and drawings are not at all the sweet, merely "charming" and manneristic or superficially sensuous works so often assumed to be. He emerges here as a painter of immense refinement, originality and insight, possessing, it seems, an unerring sense for balance, tone and texture, notwithstanding the suspect Hollywood style glamour of his tragic ultra-bohemian life.

Too much Lipchitz

It was probably a two-fold mistake to 1) show as many as 77 sculptures by Jacques Lipchitz, many of them small in 2) one very large, undivided exhibition hall. The smaller works, particularly those clay-modelled bronze-cast works he calls "semi-automatics," because of the non-idealistic, spontaneous method that produced their initial configurations, all merge into a palliating, Baroque, ultimately formless and repetitious continuum that generates a distinct boredom. It really becomes quite difficult in that combination of volume and site, to separate the trees from the forest. Proof of this, perhaps (one would first have to see these works in more intimate conditions to determine if the weakness is in the works themselves) is that a number of the larger works, especially "Sacrifice" (48) emerge as expressive, powerfully and formally inventive (note the face which is an enclosed space rather than a solid volume with the nose literally hanging in it.)

Now 80 and still active, Lipchitz' first mature works were done under



Portrait by Haim Soutine at the Tel Aviv Museum show.

the influence of Cubism which he later exchanged for a more "organic"-oriented, less abstract approach. It may be because they are so few and therefore contrast so sharply with the remainder of the show that the early decisively and

sharply planned and executed Cubist works make most of the clearest emphatic visual statements in this broad selection.

Reviews of the Museum's "Art and Science" show, Modern French Tapestry and works by youth, will follow next week.

abstract paintings and sculptures. (Madrasah "K" Gallery, Frug St.). SHOSHANA BEN-YOSEF — Collage, paintings on glass and stained glass. (Munya Bialik House, 22 Haliel). NAPHALI BEZEM — A selection of his canvases by the best known painter of Jewish and Israeli themes. (Municipal Gallery, 41 Hanna Umigdal). OBRASIKOS — Ceramic vessels by the prominent team of Yehudith and Yehouda. (Ceramics Museum, Ha'aretz Museum Complex, Ramat Aviv). ELLEN MILAN — Prints, drawings and "environment" sculptures. All based on figures and with social connotations by U.S. artist who recently settled here. (Galeria Gilead, 18 Shalom Hamelech). BEN-NUN FAMILY — Hanna, Miriam, Ofra and Benny Ben-Nun show sculpture, graphics and drawings. (Ben-Nun Studio, 17 Gulin St.).

HAIFA ALBRECHT DUEKER — Reproductions of his drawings, copper engravings, woodcuts, oils (in black and white) and other illustrative documents loaned by the Goethe-Institut, Munich, and the Deutscher Kunstkreis, to commemorate the quincentenary of his birth (May 21, 1971). Dueker's preoccupation with mortality, memories of the terror occasioned by his death and a pious depiction of the New Testament place him in the Middle Ages but otherwise he is a typical Renaissance man. His ardent curiosity to show in the study of physical proportions for realist figurative and in the observation of strange animals. The portraits reveal psychological analysis, covering, as they do, outstanding contemporary personalities who were also his friends. He painted in landscape done on the spot and in minute reproductions of important buildings. Notable is the portrait of Erasmus, the destruction of war, man's brutality and allegory to clothing modes in the different countries he visited, and from religious iconoclast to deep introspection. Such wide intellectual investigation could best be expressed by a linear drawing pursuing maximum detail and it is specific knowledge he seeks. Among the very many facsimiles, we have such well-known pieces as the portrait of Erasmus (particularly that with the Sowers on the desk), "Melancholy," "St. Jerome," "The Knight, Death and Satan," "The Apocalypse," "The Life of the Virgin," the self-portraits; the hands in prayer; the thir-

teenth-century, while the documents include the drawing sent him by Raphael, the influence of Holbein and Mantegna on his art, pictorial plans of his human torso, Nuremberg, etc. (Museum of Modern Art, 111 May St.). ISRAELI ARTISTS IN THE MUSEUM — A collection of selected works are now frequently exhibited and have the advantage of allowing the viewer to form some first idea of what appears to have definite artistic value and of what must eventually be relegated to the past. The present display is quite a fair one, particularly in the section devoted to sculptors, woodcuts, etc., e.g., Holman's "Night" and, especially, both Sima's "Lady in Green" and Sima's abstract "Night Image." Some of the abstract "Night Image" is a very fine work. (Museum of Modern Art, 111 May St.). JONATHAN JABLONSKY — Metaphorical and harmonious paintings demonstrating a capable manipulation of color and bronze sculpture that often carries impressionism to a point where the subject is lost. (Museum of Modern Art, 111 May St.). JAPANESE URBAN PAINTING — A small but pleasant exhibition (Museum of Japanese Art). FOLK ART OF THE JEWISH PART — These embroidered textiles and costumes, from many lands and dating to the 18th and 19th centuries, are all art directed towards the adornment of what the observer considered most precious: whether family or religious life and usually a combination of both. (Galeria Gilead, 18 Shalom Hamelech). TEL AVIV ISRAELI PHOTOGRAPHY — Their 1971 exhibition may be summed up as "humanity and the human approach to photography." It is free of imitation of painting. (Museum of Modern Art, 111 May St.). EIN HAROD MOSHE TAMIR — Paintings, gouaches and prints. The exhibition recently shown at the Museum of Modern Art, Haifa. (Mishkan Lomani, 111 May St.).

GALLERY GUIDE

JERUSALEM ISRAEL MUSEUM

The Fischelwanger Judaica collection. TROYA — Sculptures and paintings; The Darnstadt Hagdasha Theatre and ballet companies. SYRIAN ART YOSEF — An environment (Sculpture Pavilion) from Wed.

NAOMI SULTANIK — Alloy oil-pastel compositions based on both abstract and vaguely figurative forms by talented Jerusalem Prize winner. Most of them are sketchy and less self-assured than her more authoritative oils but several make stronger statements with the introduction of armor, more geometric forms. This little show inaugurates a welcome addition to the Capital's gallery-cum-coffee shop that also plans readings and other activities. (The Little Gallery, Rehov Schnitz). JORAM ROSOV — An Israeli version of fantastic realism, compositions in black and white including many war studies by Israeli Artists' Academy (Ariela House) opens Sat. 11 a.m. Till May 15. SONIA NATRA — Ceramic reliefs (Ariela House) opens Sat. 11 a.m. Till May 15. LILLIAN LEVY — Paintings (Dett Ha'am) opening Sun. 5 p.m. Till May 15.

CONTEMPORARY ITALIAN GRAPHICS — Works are by four contemporary Italian artists. All techniques represented: etching, aquatint, woodcut, lithograph, mixed technique, lead engraving, unbound lithograph. CONSTANT — Stylized but spontaneous animals, 35 sculptures in bronze and wood and 35 drawings by the late Franco-Israeli artist (Haifa Gallery) Till May 5.

TEL AVIV

ISRAELI ARTISTS IN PARIS — Paintings and graphics by Avigdor Arikha, Herta Briel, Shlomo Baram, Fania, Mervin, Hanna Ben-Dov and Herta Eshel. (Arts Studio, 48 Gordon). TEL AVIV MUSEUM — The new building on Sderot Shaul Hamelech; 13 leading 20th century French



Composition by Lillian Levy, from her show opening at Beit Ha'am, Jerusalem on Sunday.

MAKONDE SCULPTURES — Contemporary sculptures from the Makonde Republic. (Museum of Ethnography and Folklore, Ha'aretz Museum Complex, Ramat Aviv). RUSIE RUBER — Personal fantastic imagery by young painter-poetess. (Israel Gallery, 21 Israel St., From May 2. ELAINE SOLASH — Abstract paintings by South African artist. (Mishkan Hagmeh, (Kaf-Tan Gallery, 18 Frishman). ISRAELI GRAPHICS AND PHOTOGRAPHY — A personal view of the world by ten Israeli and collection of French-Columbian ceramic sculptures. (New Gallery, 23 Rehov). X. NAGAT — Recent abstract-fantastic oil paintings. (Ha-Kochba Gallery, 42 Bar Kochba). YOSEF HUCIMAN — "X Photos," a personal view of the world by photographer who is member of kibbutz Harel. (Kibbutz Art Building, 13 Yehouda St. Vias). Till May 5. TEL AVIV MUSEUM — The new building on Sderot Shaul Hamelech; 13 leading 20th century French

THEATRE Mendel Kohansky

LIVING LIFE TWICE

BIOGRAPHY by Max Frisch, translated by Philip Kurland, at the Cameri. Directed by Leopold Lindtberg, designed by Arnon Adar.

MAX Frisch's Biography is a cleverly constructed, occasionally amusing, superficial play, its surface cleverness covering up the lack of worthwhile content. The Swiss author of anti-war, anti-fascist plays of the 'fifties and early sixties (Biedermann, Andorra) here takes on a "large" subject — a man's fate, and poses the eternal question: what part does blind fate play in the life of a man, and to what extent is man the master of his destiny. Hannes Kurland, an aging scientist whose life, like any one else's, turned out to be a mess, asks himself what every person asks himself at one time or another: If I were given another chance, would I do it again? And the author answers, yes, he would.

After Freud and Lorenz and the behavioral scientists (the hero, by the way, is one) we all know that a man's character is his destiny, that our choices in vital matters are not made rationally, that we are motivated and propelled by inner forces over which our reason has little control (why should a reason-controlled man want to upset his life by falling in love? Why should he take on the burden of having children?), and experience is a teacher we seldom listen to. Thus Frisch goes to great lengths in order to break down a wide

open door, and though it is fun to watch him get there, the result is foredoomed. Especially since he does not succeed in making his hero an interesting person: Kurland is a character cut out of paper, and Antoinette, the woman in his life, is cut out of mere tissue.

Visiting director Leopold Lindtberg has done a fine, smoothly professional job in staging the play, filling it with subtle touches (I liked the hostess's scene with the staff's machine-tooled cheerfulness) but in the emptiness is reflected the play's emptiness of Oded Teomi (as the hero). Using all his considerable charm and professional skill, Teomi gives a believable

portrait of a standard self-centered, impatient man, but his performance lacks the identification with the character which is possible only when that character is a real human being. Yona Eilat, a newcomer I believe, is in the same situation, aggravated by the fact that neither her diction nor her manner make her the right choice for the role of the sophisticated, intellectual young woman. Yehuda Fuchs plays the "Registrar," the Mephistophelian figure who manages Kurland's experimentation with the past, with smooth self-assurance and little else. In an episodic part, Itzke Rahaminov lives up the proceedings as the doctor who covers up his helplessness under professional twaddle.

Arnon Adar's set is — like the play — a well engineered affair which serves every purpose of the production with cool efficiency.

FUN FOR CHILDREN

LAST Saturday morning I took a four-year-old friend of mine to Tzavta to see the show put on there by Naomi Shemer, the celebrated song writer, and Oded Teomi, the actor. The place was loaded with children ranging in age from three to 10 accompanied by parents and grandparents from their early twenties to the age of this writer. As usual at children's shows, audience participation was rampant but never really got out of hand, thanks to the two performers who know just how to keep their uninhibited public in check.

Naomi Shemer sings in a small voice standing upright at a concert piano with much charm and superb aplomb; and Oded Teomi tells stories of kings and animals and of a little boy who went to see Brezhnev and made him let all the Jews of Russia go. He changes personalities by means of wigs, hats and what-nots taken out of a trunk. Overflowing with nomenclature, who translated both to his audience — a cardinal and quite common sin in children's shows — but seems to be in Hebrew. Listening to the texts in two languages, especially in Mr. Abba's pedestrian diction, was a bit tedious, but then, cutting up for what he is, having a wonderful time with his improvising lines, engaging, in exchanges with the more articulate members of the audience. It was a most enjoyable experience.

Batsheva: when meaning is meaningless

THE latest premiere of the Batsheva Dance Company arouses melancholy thoughts concerning the road this admirable company is travelling. It was an enjoyable evening with two new dances given world premieres (the third — Pace and Step Together by Moshe Efrati was cancelled in the last moment because the choreographer-dancer sprained his ankle in rehearsal), and the dancers performing at the top of their ability. What gave me pause was the — I am afraid I cannot help using the word — pretentiousness of the two new works, one by an Israeli, the other by a Canadian choreographer, both exploring the theme of relations between Him and Her. Those explorations did not yield results which would enrich the audience.

Characteristic of the far-out, up-in-the-stratosphere nature of Mirai Sharon's Tradition is the programme note which reads in full: "The duet is composed of three elements: a man, a woman and an arch. The movement process of the two dancers unfolds their individual identity in relation to each other and to the arch which functions as a static and dynamic pivot in space." I shall resist the temptation to analyze this self-parodying note, and will limit myself to the statement that the dance is far better than the text. And if I could not understand the relation of the dancers to the arch (a graceful shape designed by Uzi Sharon), I must say that the two dancers, with this prop which offers many possibilities, Rina Schenfeld was her usual loveliness and perfection and Rahamin Ron was a graceful figure who manages Kurland's experimentation with the past, with smooth self-assurance and little else. In an episodic part, Itzke Rahaminov lives up the proceedings as the doctor who covers up his helplessness under professional twaddle.

Arnon Adar's set is — like the play — a well engineered affair which serves every purpose of the production with cool efficiency.



Rina Schenfeld and Rahamin Ron in a scene from Batsheva's TRADITION.

A lesson in stagecraft

LORENZA Colville, the English actress now living in Israel, appeared at the Z.O.A. House in an evening of readings from masterpieces of English dramatic literature. She was assisted by Ephraim Abba, the radio actor, who translated both to his audience — a cardinal and quite common sin in children's shows — but seems to be in Hebrew. Listening to the texts in two languages, especially in Mr. Abba's pedestrian diction, was a bit tedious, but then, cutting up for what he is, having a wonderful time with his improvising lines, engaging, in exchanges with the more articulate members of the audience. It was a most enjoyable experience.

Miss Colville is a highly professional performer in the good old English tradition who enunciates to perfection and treats the text with respect, carefully avoiding scenery chewing or any other cheap effects. She daintily took on even male parts such as Othello's last speech after smothering Desdemona; and even carried on a conversation with herself in a scene from Noel Coward's Private Lives. Accustomed as I am to hear words slurred on the Hebrew stage, even by performers of whom one ought to expect more, I greatly enjoyed Miss Colville's demonstration of stage culture.



President Shazar examines a volume of the Encyclopaedia Judaica after being presented with the first four volumes, just off the press, by Aluf (Res.) Haim Herzog, Chairman of the Board of Keter, the Encyclopaedia's publishers, and Mr. Yitzhak Rishin, Keter's General Manager. In the photo at right are Dr. Geoffrey Wigoder, Acting Editor-in-Chief of the Encyclopaedia since the death of the Editor-in-Chief, Professor Cecil Roth, and the Deputy Editor-in-Chief, Rabbi Dr. Louis I. Rabinowitz. (Photo David Harris).



The Encyclopaedia Judaica is being typed on Friden 100 keyboards, after which the manuscripts are processed either by the IBM 560/60 computer, or by the Photon electronic filmsetter (Photo David Harris); using the Photon electronic filmsetter, computer-aided typesetting allows a single page to be set in a minimum amount of time (Photo Shuki Kook); some volumes of the Encyclopaedia are set into the "line" to be cut and bound. (Photo David Harris)



THE 'JUDAICA' IS BORN

BY the end of this year it will be possible for anybody who wants to know anything at all about Jews and Judaism, ancient and modern, and can afford to pay \$620 (\$520 pre-publication price) or IL1,995 cash (IL2,295 over 24 months) to have one vast package-deal answering whatever question may be bothering him. What is more, he will be assisted in putting his questions by something rare indeed in Israeli publishing — a comprehensive cross-index.

The vital statistics of the "Encyclopaedia Judaica" are formidable: there are 15 volumes (the last one being the Index), containing 11,000 pages; over 11 million words; more than 20,000 illustrations, maps and charts; 250,000 index entries. When I visited the printing press, which has already finished five volumes, I found that each one qualifies for the old-fashioned phrase, "a weighty tome;" pound for pound, it provides more weighty knowledge than the "Encyclopaedia Britannica."

This huge compilation was only a dream in 1965, and work began a year later, to bring an encyclopaedia, complete with index, from conception to birth in six years would be a feat remarkable in any country; it must surely be miraculous in Israel, where the tempo of compilation is such that "Alaph" is out of date by the time "Mem," let alone "Tav," is reached.

Aaron's rod

How was the miracle achieved? The answer, according to Dr. Geoffrey Wigoder, the Acting Editor-in-Chief since the death of the first Editor-in-Chief, Dr. Cecil Roth, in 1970, is simple — the computer served as Aaron's rod.

"In 1966," said Dr. Wigoder, "we prepared a table of contents, a master index. We went through all previous Jewish encyclopaedias and listed their titles. A great encyclopaedia had been compiled in the early years of the century. In 1939, a Universal Jewish Encyclopaedia appeared in 10 volumes,

very good of its kind, but aiming, in its own words, at a popular presentation of Judaism. Then you can imagine how many items had to be added to cover the Jewish experiences of the last 30 years." The great problem, I suggested to Dr. Wigoder, must have been to decide what to exclude. For instance, did they deal with Churchill?

"Only his attitudes and actions in relation to the Jews. We have special items dealing with Jews in various fields — Jews in sport, the cinema, and so on."

Experts busy

Not all the contributors were of the calibre of Prof. Scholem. The editor tried to get the top Jewish scholars in the world to deal with every field of Jewish endeavour, but did not always succeed. Some experts were so busy with their own research or other work that they refused to contribute, and in several areas, the number of Jewish authorities was found to be very limited. Indeed, one of the discoveries that the editors made was that there are conspicuous gaps in Jewish knowledge and scholarship. For example, the history of the Jews of Morocco is well covered, that of the Jews of the Balkans surprisingly skimpy. Where such gaps occurred they had to be covered by the Encyclopaedia's editors themselves. Many subjects have never before been dealt with in any way.

The Deputy Editors-in-Chief are Rabbi Dr. Louis I. Rabinowitz and Rabbi Raphael Posner, with Dr. Benjamin Elion and Mr. Simha Kala serving as Associate Editors. Mr. Bezalel Narkis is art editor. Aluf (Res.) Haim Herzog is Chairman of the Board of Keter, the publishers of the Encyclopaedia.

One of the highlights of the Fifth Jerusalem Book Fair which closed at the Binyanei Ha'ooma on Sunday night was the public debut of the long-awaited Encyclopaedia Judaica being produced in the Capital: the first four volumes were available for examination at the handsome counters of its publishers, and subscriptions were being taken. Here The Jerusalem Post's PHILIP GILLON tells the story of the Encyclopaedia.

Over 150 editors worked full time; 2,000 outside people contributed articles at 12 agorot a word. Sixty per cent of the contributors were Israeli, most of them Jerusalemites; 30 per cent were Americans; the rest came from various other countries. Work is continuously updated to the last possible moment; Dr. Wigoder showed me a proof he was correcting to include the death the previous day of a prominent Jew.

Gone, gone is the lead

From Dr. Wigoder's office I was taken on a tour of the plant by its Manager, Mr. Meir Doron, who was born in Germany and learned all about printing in New York before he immigrated to Israel 20 years ago. He admitted that the typist does not even need to bear about line-length, that bugbear of the linotype operator: the computer takes care of all that.

Modern genie

The modern genie consists of two small machines, a Photon Type-Setting Machine with an attendant assistant machine. The tape is fed into the Photon, which passes on messages to its assistant at the rate of 25 characters a second; the genie then produces a photographic negative. To err is both human and mechanical; the typists may make mistakes, and

typists. They were tapping away at machines, slightly different from the normal — they were not only typing from the manuscripts handed to them, they were simultaneously punching a tape for a computer. In fact, Mr. Doron explained, the typed page is used only for proof-reading purposes; what really counts is the tape.

On the manuscript received by the typist, every item that will go into the famous comprehensive index is already marked in a code that the computer recognizes. It also recognizes code signs for italics, capitals, bold face, and anything else that the heart may desire, provided it is in accordance with the computer's programming.

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sometimes the machines may produce a negative that is considered unsuitable: everything is checked three times. Printing is done by photography. Special research and graphic departments and maps, charts, family trees, illustrations. The Photon printing press, said to be the largest of its kind in the country, prints sheets one metre by 1.40 on both sides at the same time and produces 32 pages of the Encyclopaedia simultaneously. Other machines cut three sides of each volume in one slice, sew, and back, case and so mass-produce a rapid attention: all the while available in the Jewish world is the English language in the year 1971. These various printing departments employ 160 persons.

Fifteen thousand copies of the Encyclopaedia are being printed in the first edition; the market's response will determine whether a second edition will be produced. Assuming that knowledge of Jews and Judaism, and interest in these subjects, will increase during the coming years, the editors plan to start a Yearbook every year, the first appearing in 1973. Some items will have to wait for the Yearbook — for instance, Peretz Bernstein passed away too recently for the "B" volume to be amended, but changes are being made in subjects beginning with the letter letters of the alphabet up to the very last moment. However, an Dr. Wigoder pointed out, the gap between "A" and "Z" will not be more than a few months.

The Encyclopaedia's editors are proud of all, and with good reason. The Index Volume which will be completed within a few weeks of the first 14 volumes, a trial run with 1,000 items has already shown that the computer knows its business: every index reference put into the manuscript is being faithfully picked up, sorted and printed by the computer at incredible speed.

Keter, a creation of the Jewish Programme for Scientific Translations, originally established by the Government but later taken over by CI.A.L. believes that the mission of the Encyclopaedia should be to international orders for the printing of similar books. Haim Herzog has already ordered a five-volume Worldmark Encyclopaedia to be printed by Keter. Other editors should follow.

English-reading Jews should be able to read all about their people in a few months. Dr. Wigoder also hopes that in the future similar light will be shed on the lives of Jews in other languages, such as Hebrew, French and German. If the Jewish venture succeeds, translations will follow.



Unique illustrations included in the Encyclopaedia show Otto Meier (1841-1901), American Jewish railroad builder, Commissioner of Indian Affairs and Lieutenant-Governor of the State of Colorado in 1885, with Oway, Chief of the Indians, after negotiating the Ute Indian Treaty in 1885. (Oswald Public Library, Western Collection)

Comprehensive history of Eretz Yisrael needed

A HISTORY OF THE HOLY LAND edited by Michael Avi-Yonah. Translated into English by Charles Weiss and Pamela Fitton. Jerusalem and London, Stelmatsky's Agency in cooperation with Waldenfeld and Nicolson. 323 pp. IL39.90.

Reviewed by Geoffrey Wigoder

FIRST it must be said that the historiography of this country has been remarkably and shamefully neglected. The last major comprehensive work on the subject was by Josephus. The two modern works that come to mind are James Parkes' "History of Palestine" (from 135 C.E. — reviewed here on April 28) an admirable survey and the best work in the field — but its strongest sections are the 19th and 20th centuries, which occupy half the volume — and "The Jews in their Land," edited by David Ben-Gurion, which is not a general history.

The truth is that only now is research into the history of this country coming into its own — and there are still major gaps. However, whole periods have been illuminated — apart from Biblical times, which have attracted many chroniclers. Prof. Yehoshua Fawar's work on the Crusader era in Palestine constitutes an outstanding example of the new historiography (see review on page 15).

The Minister of Education and Culture has on several occasions pointed to the absence of an authoritative history of the Yishuv from the period of modern resettlement and has called for the preparation of a series (on the lines of the "Cambridge Modern History") which would deal with the last decades of Ottoman rule, the Mandatory period and the State of Israel.

Perspective needed

A history of this country requires extensive erudition, vision and the broadest perspective. Its special place for Jews, Christians and Moslems necessitates its unique placing within three civilizations. Then, constant attention must be paid to geopolitical and economic factors. The geopolitical aspect, inevitably, is touched upon in the book under review. Even in prehistoric times, we are told, the country was "a terrestrial bridge joining Asia and Africa, and the Arabian Desert with the Mediterranean." Then, at a later period, it was "the bridge between the two cradles of civilization — Egypt and Mesopotamia — and was coveted by both. Each great power looked on Canaan as its sphere of influence and vied to its economic interests and, via-via the other, saw it as either springboard or buffer."

The great powers were interested in weak governments in the area and this in fact enabled the centuries of independence during which the Jewish nation and its greatest cultural achievement were created. A major history would have to develop this entire geopolitical and economic aspect. It would, for example, have to show that after the discoveries of the great Iberian navigators, the Eastern Mediterranean became very much of a backwater and the whole area declined into what was called "Levantineism." It returned to significance only with the opening of the Suez Canal a century ago, followed by the development of air transport and the oil discoveries.

"A History of the Holy Land" would not claim to be the ambitious work required on the subject. But for all its elegant form and beautiful reproductions, this is more than a coffee-table book. There is much substance here, and the book contains a number of serious contributions which provide an excellent survey of their subject and are to be highly recommended as such.

Its most serious shortcoming is the brevity of treatment of the post-Crusader period. The past seven centuries are covered in 50 pages (a large portion of which is devoted to illustrations).

The first section, by Emmanuel Anati, deals with prehistory (down to 3200 B.C.E.). He describes the culture of the country in the Age of Hunting and Gathering (which is so much more meaningful a term for the ordinary reader than Paleolithic Age).

The story is continued in a fine contribution by Hanoah Reviv, covering the Canaanite and Israelite periods. Although the ground here is familiar, Reviv's detailed and thorough essay receives new dimensions by virtue of his attention to the social background.

The Second Temple, Roman and Byzantine periods are summarised by the editor of this volume, Professor Michael Avi-Yonah, with his customary competence. He makes the point that — despite the picture given in Josephus — the war against the Romans left no permanent damage on the material infrastructure of Jewish life in Galilee or Judea. The main exception was Jerusalem, and even here a small settlement continued (one source speaks of seven synagogues in Jerusalem, and the Roman soldiers who received land in the neighbourhood would not have worked it themselves and must have used Jewish labour).

But eventually we see the rise of Christianity (whose main centre in the country was initially in Caesarea). The adoption of Christianity by the Roman Empire radically changed the status of Eretz Yisrael. It was no longer a tiny unimportant province. Now it was a state of importance. The Holy Land on which emperors and believers lavished untold wealth. Jews were relegated to the rank of second-class citizens. Byzantium aimed to make Jerusalem Christian, and by intensive building to extend the inhabited areas of the country. In the fifth century, Christians became a majority in the country, which became a centre of pilgrimage and developed a thoroughly cosmopolitan nature.

Part of Syria

Moshe Sharon continues the story to the Crusader period. He notes that under the Arabs it is difficult to isolate Eretz Yisrael — it was part of Syria. He makes the point that the history of Eretz Yisrael has always been coloured by the influence on the country of its situation on the edge of the desert (another geopolitical factor that must always be remembered). It was constantly exposed to invasion from the sons of the desert and the sole barrier was a strong centralized government. So under Roman rule the desert people were kept in check — either by border settlements or buffer states. But when there was weakness or chaos in the country, it lay open to the ravages and depredations of the desert tribes.

The familiar but ever-fascinating Crusader episode is described by Emmanuel Sivan. The last section, by Moshe Sharon, with an epilogue by Arthur Lourie, is sound in itself, but, as stated, far too sketchy to be satisfactory. A bibliography would also have been helpful.

The English translations read well and the illustrations are lavish and admirable.

The Day of Rest is yet to come

IMEDIATELY after the Six Day War there was a feeling in Israel that something apocalyptic had happened, that the historical process had stopped or at least had changed gear. This feeling that the footsteps of the Messiah had been heard in the land was not restricted to Orthodox religious circles. The weeping of the Paratroopers at the Western Wall, Aluf Shlomo Goren's blast on the shofar, all recalled the Prophet Joel's "Blow the horn in Zion... Gather the people, sanctify the congregation, assemble the elders, gather the children... Weep between the porch and the altar." Peace, at the very least, if not the Messiah, was awaited daily.

Traumatized

Those who bore the brunt of the fighting, especially the younger ones among them who had never experienced battle, who had never seen their comrades falling on either side of them, came back from the war traumatized. The fierceness of the fighting, its brevity, and most especially the magnitude of the victory in a war not one of them had wanted left them disoriented. There are some detractors of their painfully halting, at times poorly articulated attempts to come to terms with the consequences of war as recorded in "Slah Lechamin," *רצח ערבות* (the original Hebrew edition of the book under review, discussed here on April 12, 1968), who seize on this very disorientation. They find it hard to cope with a picture of the pedestrian, unimaginative Sabra coming unstuck. They question the maturity, sense of reality and — save the mark — sincerity, of the remorseful soldiers. This is expressed by one tough-minded senior army officer: "These kids from the kibbutzim give me a pain. They kill and cry, kill and cry some more." For no less notable than their remorse and their pacifist-sounding anguish at having killed is another fact that emerged from the war: the kibbutz young man is a murderously efficient fighting man.

Varied expressions

The trauma of the war found differing expressions, varied and often unpredictable. Some became unbearably loquacious, others glum and taciturn. The latter evoked "feelings of disgust and nausea whenever the subject comes up." The former became involved in a marathon re-enactment for themselves and for their comrades "the scenes of horror and triumph, mulling over tactics, creating a legend, but never plumbing the depths of their conflicting emotions." These often remained submerged beneath the waves of rhetoric.

It was in order to make some systematic effort to collect this outpouring, on the one hand, and to encourage the silent ones to unburden themselves, on the other, that a number of young men and women got together a couple of months after the end of the war. The 15-odd were as unlikely a group as one could conjure up to put together a book which has become almost scandalously successful — more than 70,000 copies sold in an unprecedented five editions in Hebrew. This is not what they had intended. At first they merely wanted to record in some permanent form the effect of the Six Day War on the kibbutz generation that is called "the continuers" *דור המשיך*. As they said later:

"We felt within ourselves the need to hear each other, to talk to each other, to open up a dialogue of heart

and mind. We wanted to explain to ourselves and to our comrades what happened to us in those six short days that lasted so long."

Since they came from different kibbutzim and from all four major kibbutz federations — but not for that reason alone — their views are, to put it mildly, divergent. But in the discussions which they moderated there was a strong emphasis on self-expression as a way of understanding the wholeness of the phenomenon. This was a generation talking only of itself: a true "slah" (an unstructured discussion), with no sidelong glances at the outside world to see how it would react.

Aided by grants that appear ludicrously small in these days of the well-funded field studies, they begged days off from the managers of their branches of work in the kibbutz orchards, dairy farms, schools and factories. With borrowed tape-recorders they barnstormed some 30 kibbutzim organizing discussions that lasted often into the morning hours. Close to 150 participants were drawn into freewheeling discussions. But as certain themes appeared to evoke more profound resonances than others (admission of fear, non-hatred of Arabs, reflections on the justice of war), the moderators began asking the same catalyzing lead-off questions in other kibbutzim.

Book criticized

This has led some critics to the conclusion that the heavy-handed editing whose traces they claim to detect has marred the authenticity of the book as a historic document or as a psychologically valid source book.

In general, criticism of the book divides itself into two categories. There are those who find it too unstructured and amorphous, and say it cannot be considered as literature, because one of the prerequisites of art is a focus. The underlying assumption is that the difference between art and life is that the former operates under the rigorous selective and distilling eye of the artist. The book has also been faulted for the opposite. One of the salient features which emerges from the book is the near unanimity of the respondents and discussants in non-hatred of the enemy. This hatred is conspicuous not by its absence but, on the contrary, by the constantly reiterated claim that the young soldiers felt no hatred toward Arabs. A perhaps cynical reaction of some readers has been: Methinks the lady doth protest too much.

Represents itself

In a discussion of the book at Kibbutz Ginnegar last year, Mrs. Sophie Kav-Venaki, of the Tel Aviv University Psychology Department, which conducted a study of the book, said:

"When we began working on the book, we asked ourselves: Whom does it represent actually? When we arrived at a conclusion that it represented itself mostly, we were not certain whether we could even regard the book as being representative of those people who were the discussants, the speakers, those who articulated their thoughts. We had other reservations as well. The discussions were conducted several months after the war, so that certain things had been forgotten, repressed, or not said in complete candor, since some things were difficult to say or were not advisable to say. People knew one another and knew what was ex-

THE SEVENTH DAY: Soldiers Talk About the Six Day War, translated by various hands and edited by Henry Near. London, Deutsch, 210 pp. 12s.

Reviewed by Amnon Hadary

pected of them. The same things that motivate people in their daily lives is what motivated them during the war: public opinion, expectations not to disappoint, not to shame, were all at play here. And there were different moderators, and every moderator had his views, his positions, and every one tended or directed in a different direction. Finally the book was edited. The editors doubtless influenced what appeared in the book and what didn't. Here I return to the first question we set ourselves: Whom does the book represent? Because all the people who had a say, who could effect changes or direct what was said or what was printed, so directed things that this value — the negotiation of hatred — should be expressed and stressed.

Whom, indeed does the book represent? Another participant in the discussion at Kibbutz Ginnegar was Aluf (Res.) Elad Peled, himself a leading Six Day War commander, today Director-General of the Ministry of Education and Culture, and a critic of the public undressing of soldiers' emotions — "Turkish bath," he termed it. Commenting on Mrs. Kav-Venaki's remarks, he said:

'This, too'

I, too, had an ambivalent feeling when I read the book as soon as it appeared several months after the war. On the one hand I was happy that this, too, was being said. I say "this, too" because there were various expressions in the war. On the other hand I had some doubts. I have a feeling that there is some sanctimoniousness here. Mrs. Kav-Venaki tried to put it a bit more scientifically, to discuss it in terms of "authenticity," but I will ask in plain language whether there was not some sanctimoniousness here. As long as the book was an internal document, then I was glad that there was this kind of expression as well, even if I don't agree with everything that was said there. But my discomfort grew as this book became more and more an "export product" — an export product which was actually the clothes in which we appeared to the world — that is, we fight and do all sorts of things, but we have a human side as well, love of peace, love of humanity and all that. Not, Heaven forbid, that it's not good that we have that, too, but the minute this becomes a flag to wave at the world, the feeling of sanctimoniousness must certainly grow.

(The book's value is that the words were spoken and not written. It seems to me that the people who said them did so more or less spontaneously as they understood or felt things. It makes no difference if things were said immediately after the war or several months later. I'd go further than that: even if these things smack a little of having been made up that's not so terrible.)

Represents an idea

As to the question whom does it represent? — I allow myself to say: What difference does it make? It isn't really important whether it represents thousands or merely hundreds. It represents itself; it represents an idea.

Whom did Gili's Battalion Commander represent? The commander, a member of Kibbutz Kabri, made a tremendous impact on Gili and the rest of the battalion. Gili is

not an impressionable youth. He is 37, the father of three, born and educated at Kibbutz Geva. He is a Seren (Major) in the reserves, and was sent by the Israel Defense Forces to France for advanced training. Despite pressure on him to join the Regular Army, he sees his place in Geva where he is in charge of the large dairy herd. During the Six Day War he fought in a tank regiment which captured Nablus. He said:

Anyway, the fact is that we went in without firing a shot. The Battalion Commander got on the field telephone to my company and said, "Don't touch the civilians... don't fire until you're fired at and don't touch the civilians. Observe, you've been warned. Their blood is on your heads." In just those words. The boys in the company right down to the drivers kept talking about it. I heard it from every one of them. "Do you remember that? Their blood is on your heads!" they'd say.

Was the Battalion Commander speaking for himself, for the General Staff, for his kibbutz or for the whole Jewish People? "Their blood is on your heads" is a particularly effective injunction against indiscriminate killing precisely because it carries with it the authority and resonance of the Bible. Whom did Joshua's spies represent when they told Rahab of Jericho that she and every member of her family would remain unharmed in the conquest: "his blood shall be on our head if a hand be laid on him?"

Sociometric techniques

If sociometric techniques were applied to other groups in crisis situations what would be left of Tolstoy's "War and Peace," of Homer's "Iliad" or of (who's) Bible?

The very composite nature of "The Seventh Day" has raised the additional question of whether it is art. Yisrael Ring, who deplores the paucity of language, the superficiality of nuance in the book (but then, he teaches poetry in a kibbutz high school and has a didactic axe to grind) says, nevertheless: "It seems to me that the genre of the *Slah* emerges as a legitimate act of spiritual creativity (his emphasis) of the 'sixties.' Had the participants of the various discussions been urged to give written rather than oral expression to what had been sought, the response would have been limited to a handful of truly unrepentantly fearless pens. True, there were among the members of the editorial committee two writers of widely-read novels (Yurly Ben-Aharon, 'Hikary' (The Battle), and Amos Oz, 'Michael Shale' (המלחמה)) as well as an editor of a magazine whose readership has spread far beyond the confines of the kibbutz movement, and several writers whose articles, stories and poems have appeared in kibbutz journals as well as the national press. But 'The Seventh Day' was to be a collective enterprise.

Socializing pressures

How could it be otherwise, rooted as it was in the reality of the kibbutz? The day to day practice of the collective as a way of life leaves its imprint on kibbutz young people. Socializing pressures do create a desire to conform to a general atmosphere, not to sound bombastic phrases or express newly minted values in idiosyncratic or unique idioms. The social atmosphere however, encourages its participants to think out loud, to reflect collectively. There is an occasional final, of highly individual, sustained and responsible thought which breaks out of the admittedly limiting togetherness. These sparks are often taken up by the plenum, bounced around and developed until they become common property. This process, while not amenable to the fashion of the lonely artist in his garret, is admirably suited to the idea of congruence. Is there a cultural form more indigenous to the mainstream of Jewish cultural creativity?

Although none shall covet an image of the kibbutz as an aggregation, many may question its being placed within the mainstream of Jewish cultural expression. Nor shall I resort to the demagogic technique of statistical documentation (kibbutz nikes are four per cent of the population, yet close to 25 per cent of the casualty figures in the war.) To what extent the centrality of the kibbutz is symbiotic with the rest of Israeli society can be illustrated most germanely to our discussion by examining the place of sons of kibbutzim in the Defense Forces and the degree of assimilation of kibbutz values into the esprit and the empirical behaviour of the Defense Forces.

Beyond expectation

There is not a Defense Forces commander, regardless of his origin or declared official outlook, who wouldn't give much to have kibbutz nikes in his unit. Yet the sons of kibbutzim gravitate to those high-risk units which are the most difficult to get into and once there consistently perform beyond expectation — which has become the norm and the expectation. But more than this — the I.D.F. elects to inculcate upon all its ranks not only the fighting spirit of the kibbutznik, but also the value system which the kibbutz soldier espouses. In a recent article in "Ma'arachot," the I.D.F. magazine, Aluf-Mishne Meir Pail writes on the subject of "Battlefield Morality." He quotes "The Seventh Day" extensively and suggests that the humanism of the kibbutz soldier is expressive of the core of our national purpose.

Anyone who rejects the humane approach to battlefield morality must realize that he is, in fact, advocating a change in Jewish spiritual image, a change which would take the country far away from the road of social and political development, by virtue of which it has evolved hitherto, inwardly and outwardly.

Three and half years after the appearance of "The Seventh Day" the youth of Israel continue to go to the I.D.F. as a matter of course. They are not traumatized, as their slightly older brothers were, by the gore and by the anguish of personal acquaintance with full-fledged war. On the other hand, neither are they exhilarated by the immensity of peace. Still, their values remain remarkably consistent with those of their brothers as expressed in "The Seventh Day." This despite their professed enmity with the book's "pharisaizing." Their actions speak for them.

Positive departure

What is most remarkable about kibbutz youngsters is their ability to do rather than talk ideology. In this they are a startlingly positive departure from today's radicalized illiterate youth. One looks forward in the day when peace breaks out in the Middle East and wonders how these "children of the dream" (as Bruno Bettelheim has called them) will adapt to the exigencies of that new reality. Until that "end of days," as long as we are engaged in a non-peace which at this writing is fortunately also a non-war, we may conclude with Aluf Peled: "...a positive book ultimately, is that it has illuminated the war from this aspect."

Editor Henry Near, of Kibbutz Beit Ha'emek, has done an admirable job on the English edition. He has added an Introduction which is full of insights not readily available to the "outsider." He has also appended annotations to each discussion, briefly giving some information about the kibbutz in which the discussion was held and some human interest details about the participants. There is also a glossary and an epilogue which did not appear in the original Hebrew edition. The translations are on the whole quite good.

A Jewish view of the Crusades

A LONG-felt demand by Hebrew readers, scholars and general public alike, has now been met by Moshe Bialik with the publication of this third edition of Professor Praver's monumental history of the Crusades. The two earlier editions, of which the first appeared more than 10 years ago, have long been off the book market, and even second-hand copies are hard to come by.

This new edition has been revised and enlarged by the author, and contains an expanded bibliography brought up to date. Its technical production sets a high standard of excellence in Hebrew book publishing and printing. A Editor of the publications by the University of Wisconsin Press, have been made ready for the press.

Praver's work, the product of a lifetime of historical research, may be regarded in many respects as the first authoritative Jewish study of the Crusader period in this land and region. Its bibliography covers 55 closely-printed pages in Hebrew, English, French and German, and draws extensively upon Arab sources.

Gentile sources

But the approach by scholars and historians to the subject has hitherto been wholly tinged by Gentile sources, documentation and assessments — and by "Gentile" I mean, of course, an approach devoid of any palpable interest for the Jewish role. Admittedly, the Jew in that age could hardly have possessed any measurable power or influence. They were lumped together with all the other non-Christian infidels by those who preached and bore the Cross. As was the case throughout the history of the Jewish Exile, the small communities and outpost congregations scattered over the face of Europe and Asia were made the scapegoats of those moving under Papal and Imperial banners to redeem the Holy Sepulchre and Holy Land. The excesses against the Jews during the Third Crusade acquired momentum in the march across Germany and the Balkans to the East, and especially in many English cities under the newly-

crowned Richard the Lion-hearted (1189-1199).

Only fragments of the chronicle of this cruel martyrdom have been published here and there, in specialized anthologies or stray monographs; yet there is a body of such records, among them the writings of Jewish communal historians, Medieval rabbis and scribes, and authors and travellers of that time, in Hebrew and in other languages, which the Gentile scholars have neglected. Such outstanding works on the history of the Crusades as Steven Runciman's, and those by Kenneth M. Setton, of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton University as General Editor of the publications by the University of Wisconsin Press, have dealt with the Jews during the Crusades only fleetingly, if at all.

It has, therefore, been left to Prof. Praver to repair the omission by bringing the Jewish story, as part of the broader picture, into this compendium. He has dexterously woven the threads of contemporary Jewish history, and indeed also the somewhat overlooked story of the Saracens, into the tapestry of those two centuries. One feels that he has left little uncovered which is of significance for a deeper perception of the complexity of correlated problems; the geopolitical and economic conditions, the secular, religious and spiritual motivations and ethical milieus, the moral and ethnic schisms and collisions, the social environments. And, above all, he has filled in for us the scene of those helpless communities crushed by the armour of the Crusader legions.

Local approach

Whereas Runciman concentrates on European aspects and genealogy and delves into the alterations among the Crusading royal houses, baronage and military orders, against the background of wars and campaigns, Prof. Praver focuses on the indigenous Middle Eastern and Palestinian approach across the whole spectrum. This enables the Jewish historian to edify the reader with authentic local colour. Marshalling a wealth of documented detail, and adding his own first-hand observations of the terrain, Prof. Praver paints a masterly canvas of operational tactics and combat on both sides of the Battle of Hattin (Karnel Hittin near Tiberias; Friday and Saturday, July 3 and 4, 1187), which reads as though a present-day front line correspondent were giving his commentary. The battle scenes are rounded out by an account of the circumstances which led up to that great Frankish rout. The Grand Masters of the Temple and Hospital Orders had fallen out over the strategy of the attack and other vital matters, and the absence of a unified command — or a divided command pulling in different directions — virtually presented the Saracen Kurdish general, Saladin-ed-Din (Saladin), with his far-reaching victory — the fall of the First Kingdom of Jerusalem. Only 1,000 of the 15,000 knights, squires and rank and file engaged in the battle survived, and long lines of Christian captives, chained together, plodded miserably over the Golan Heights and plateau to the Golan Heights of Syria. "Only a few days later a Christian prisoner was exchanged for a pair of boots. Supply exceeded all dimensions of demand." Templar and Hospitalier knights alike fell to the swords of Moslems bent on earning their own spiritual redemption by slaughtering the unrepentant infidels. The massacre was complete.

Or take the battle around Yavneh (Yibneh, or Jiblin) on November 25, 1177 — 10 years before the Battle of Hattin — when the Egyptian forces led by Saladin were crushingly defeated and, in their rout westwards and southwards through the dunes, threw away their weapons and remaining equipment as they sought refuge in the desert.

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A HISTORY OF THE LATIN KINGDOM OF JERUSALEM by Yehoshua Praver. 3rd edition, revised and enlarged. Vol. I: The Crusades and the First Kingdom, xxiv + 561 pp. Vol. II: The Crusades and the Second Kingdom, xv + 654 pp., including bibliography (55 pp.) and names and places indices (52 pp.). Maps, plates and illustrations. Jerusalem, Mossad Bialik, IL20 each volume.

Reviewed by Julian Meltzer

sert from the pursuing Crusaders. Saladin himself had a narrow escape and was saved only by the bravery of his horsemen. Hattin bogged down the retreating Egyptians, and Beduin tribesmen performed their age-old function of slaying the

fleeing Egyptians and carrying off as spoil the debris of war. Saladin reached Cairo only two weeks later (December 8).

Another little-known fact is that the entire Frankish community in the principalities and counties of Palestine and Lebanon at the height of the first Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem totalled no more than 125,000 souls (including women, children, clergy and monks), of whom a maximum of 25,000 were actual men-at-arms, out of an aggregate population of half a million. The few lived off the produce of the soil farmed by the many natives. The indigent, down-trodden peasantry of France were exhorted time and again to migrate to the Holy Land, inveigled by all sorts of promises of glittering prizes and riches. Few came. The ideological urge, was lacking. They preferred the penury and filth of their European serfdom to the enticing lures and pelf of the Levant. Those who did settle, undoubtedly muster a much larger body of equally enthralled readers.

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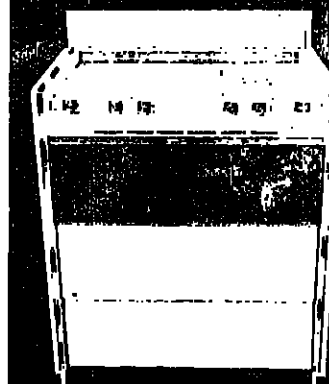
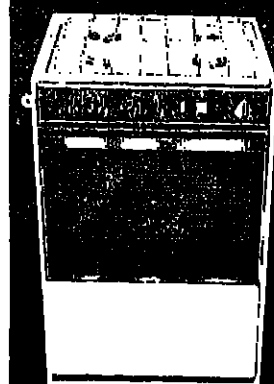
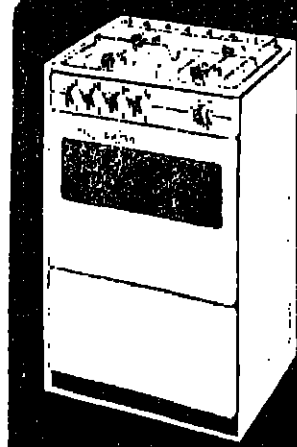
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STRAVINSKY THE GIANT • By YOHANAN BOEHM

STRAVINSKY, seemingly indefatigable, holding a commanding position in music for the last 60 years, the most written-about composer in his lifetime ever, has now joined his contemporaries, apotheoses, but also re-evaluations of his work and influence can be expected.

His personal data are sparse: Born on June 17, 1882 at Oranienbaum, near St. Petersburg, the son of an opera bass. Through a fellow-student at the University he came into contact with Rimsky-Korsakov, doyen of Russian composers at that time, who, till his death in 1908, was an important influence on the young composer. The meeting with Diaghilev, and subsequent commissions for the Ballet Russe decided Stravinsky's career and made him world-famous at 28. With the performance of the "Fire Bird" in Paris in June 1910 and the ballets "Petroushka" (1911) and "The Rite of Spring" (1913) his fame was established, never to be relegated again into the background despite the many changes in style and attitude in music creation during the following decades. He lived in France and Switzerland, went later to the United States, where he became a citizen during the Second World War.

Famous ballets

His early association with ballet — which linked him with such famous names as choreographer Fokine and dancer Nijinsky (who also choreographed the "Rite of Spring"), later Massine, Balanchine, Bolm and Ashton — kept him writing for this art at all times: "Les Noces" — part Cantata, part Ballet (Nijinsky, 1923); "Apollon Musagete" (Bolm, Washington, D.C. — Balanchine, Paris 1928); "Le Balser de la Foe" (Nijinsky, Paris, 1928 — Ashton, Sadler's Wells, 1935 — Balanchine, Met. Opera, 1937); "Feu de Cartes" (Balanchine, Met. 1937); "Scenes de Ballet" (Ashton, 1948 — with Margot Fonteyn); "Orpheus" (Balanchine, N.Y. City Centre, 1948, decor by Noguchi), not to forget "Fulgencia" (Massine 1920, Paris, with decor by Picasso), which, musically signed a temporary tendency in his writing to adapt, or assimilate other composers' music (in this case Pergolesi's). This induced Karl Woerner ("New Music," 1964) to compare him with Mozart — while others found in this proof of the composer's declining inspiration.

Less innovation

Stravinsky's daring innovations in the early ballet scores — where rhythm takes on a life of its own and is developed, expanded and contracted like other components of the compositions — have not been kept up, and the later ballets have evoked often rather derogatory comments, comparing the musical contents with Gounod and Tchaikovsky. Stravinsky, in all his frequent changes of writing — after the "explosion" of the three famous ballets, with their neo-classical period in the twenties, his application of tonal and chord cluster texture, rows in the "dances" could do no wrong with most of musical critics or listeners, though balanced evaluations were made now and then (Stravinsky is known to have carefully collected all reviews, laudatory and ax-critical, with his special wrath reserved for adverse criticism). Olivier Messiaen and Pierre Boulez have given stimulating and considered views, while Alexander point he elaborates in one of every note Stravinsky has written.

ten. Andre Hodeir ("Since Debussy: A View of Contemporary Music," 1961), on the other hand rather unkindly calls him "the Great Dilettante." On particular works, one can find diametrically opposed views as, for example, on "Oedipus Rex," which is called by David Drew ("Stravinsky in Conversation with Robert Craft," Pelican, 1962) "his first wholly great work," while Hodeir maintains however, that "Stravinsky reached a new high in sheer boredom with Oedipus Rex."

Stylistic exercises

More general approval or appreciation have found works like "L'Histoire du Soldat" (1918), which still today will draw capacity audiences and strike listeners as original in concept and composition. Though I may be allowed to quote again Andre Hodeir on this subject: "With 'L'Histoire du Soldat,' Ragtime," and "Pulcinella," Stravinsky embarked upon a form of expression which was soon to dominate all his music; the stylistic exercise. He had apparently come to look upon composition as a game of skill, and one at which he particularly excelled. "L'Histoire du Soldat," in particular might have been written by some circus juggler turned composer; in it Stravinsky accomplished a genuine tour de force. The work is a sort of musical cocktail, containing, helter-skelter, a fake tango, a mock ragtime, a sarcastic two-step, a sublimated cardas, and a discordant chorale, but the tonal effect is one of extraordinary unity. This miracle of virtuosity, writing was made necessary by Stravinsky's original choice of seven apparently ill-assorted instruments: violin, contrabass, clarinet, bassoon, cornet, trombone and percussion" (and a narrator and a dancer).

New lease for ballet

His orchestral compositions — symphonies, concertos (for piano, for violin) and, especially, his "Symphony of Psalms" — are to be found on concert programmes, as are, of course, the various Orchestral Suites based on his first ballets. There is no doubt that his music for ballet has given this medium a new lease of life in the time between the two world wars. And, whatever the reaction, every new work of Stravinsky evoked interest and discussion among public and musicians.

His deep religiosity — in 1962 ("Reflections on Reaching 80") he said: "I regard my talent as God-given and I pray to Him daily for the strength to use it. When I discovered that I had been made the custodian of this gift, in my earliest childhood, I pledged myself to God to be worthy of it, but I have received uncounted mercies all my life" — led him to write many works of biblical or liturgical content. Despite his far-ranging experiments with tone-rows, his reaction to the new medium of electronically produced music was negative. In 1966, he described his attitude in an interview ("New York Post," May 12) as "I cannot understand musical composition that takes place outside of music. Better now and then, one of those exhibitions of Anti-Music, though I have also failed to keep in touch with developments in that department if, indeed, there are any. The only sounds (at least) that reach me are the breast-beating and ax-grinding of the Anti-Musician clappers themselves." And somewhere else he says: "Not unlike the beginning of art." And this point he elaborates in one of his Harvard Lectures ("Poetics



STRAVINSKY

of Music," Vintage 1957): "My freedom is to move within nar-

row confines which I have put up for myself for every of my undertakings." He was always witty and stimulating — if not always convincing. He once agreed to write a "Circus Folks" for elephants, with Balanchine to do the choreography for Ringling Bros. on condition that the elephants involved were "very young and female." When someone suggested that he should have a monogram, Stravinsky is reported to have drawn immediately one, showing an I over an S, making a S. Probably the only composer in our times who could live on his royalties (plus conducting), his fondness of money was well-known. The more than must we appreciate the fact that he did not accept the money for the commission which the Israel Festival extended to him for the writing of the Cantata "Abraham

and Isaac," which was performed at the 1964 Festival (and never since). Nearly sixty years have passed since the whistles and cat-calls, which drove the furious composer out of the hall when Pierre Monteux conducted "Le Sacre du Printemps" for the first time in Paris. Curiously enough, it seems that just these early ballets will keep Stravinsky in the public eye and ear while most of his later oeuvre will be relegated to occasional performances though they will always evoke stimulating discussions. Whatever one's attitude and approach to Stravinsky's music — one has to listen to him and respect and admire his versatility and boldness. He was, in the words of Sir William Walton, "a complete law unto himself." (Radio for Music Lovers, Page 8)

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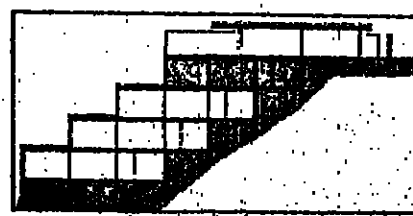
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THE JERUSALEM POST Junior

HAIR! HAIR! HAIR!

Blich High School students examine its effects
Barber's agent

By ORIT BERKSKY
(Grade 11) Blich High School

MRS. Blum came to our class yesterday. She sent most of the boys to the barber-shop. Every morning when we come to school, she and the other teachers inspect our appearance.

Why do we have to put up with all these rules?

I think that the teachers in school can compel the pupils to do only one thing: they may ask the pupils to come to school in uniform so there will be no discrimination between the pupils. But every pupil can have long hair.

Recently the management of Blich decided that everyone can come to school with different kinds of clothes. How does this help us if in the meantime boys can't go with long hair? I think that this is much more important to them. We can change our trousers in the afternoon but not our hair.

There are girls at school who like to add something to their uniform but they also may not do that. Does it disturb our education? I think that it doesn't, and I'm sure that many pupils think like me. So let's do something about it.

after many years, one member of Homo Sapiens discovered that it would be nicer if he changed his covering from time to time. So he killed other animals and wore their fur, but he didn't need two furs, so during the years his own fur, or his hair, as he called it, degenerated, but, Homo Sapiens that he was, he was still an animal. Nature left him some hair in some places on his body.

While searching for a new covering, Homo Sapiens had to be smart if he wanted to remain original.

As the years passed, he became the cleverest animal of all, and he forgot altogether that he was an animal and started to call himself a human being. Human being cut his hair as short as possible. He did it because he wanted to forget his having been an animal.

Many years later man reached the moon and tried to reach God, and then he realized that he was nothing; so the young people, who were young enough to face this fact, said to themselves, "Since we can't be like gods, let us go back, and live naturally."

One of the first things they did was to let their hair grow long, as nature meant it to be.

Strange, some people like to call them animals.

Only an animal
By DORI GOREN (Grade 11)
Blich High School

ONCE upon a time, when God created people, he gave them a fur to warm them. One day,

THE famous play "Hair" has provoked long discussions and a revolution about the "Pop" mode, especially about long hair for boys. As one of the youth, I'd like to consider the pros and cons of long hair for boys.

In my opinion, the hair of boys is masculine only if it is not too long, like girls' hair, and if it's clean. I don't agree with the boys who grow their hair, because they think that if they dress in the latest fashion and have long hair, the girls will love them. They are making a big mistake. In my opinion, too long hair isn't aesthetic because long hair makes the boys look feminine, and a boy has to look and behave like a boy and not like a girl.

I'd like to give you people an example from the Renaissance Age. In that Age men wore wigs and dressed in feminine clothes

and they looked like women. In summing-up, I want to say that too long hair isn't aesthetic for boys.

Some comments on long hair from pupils' Essays:

Erin Tuval: "Long hair costs less money because boys with long hair don't go to the barber."

Teacher: "What about spending more money on ribbons and hair-shampoo?"

Nava Erlich: "Mrs. Bloom is worried about the barbers' income. Every day she sends 10 boys to them. I think that she has an uncle who is a barber in Ramat Chen."

Teacher: "On the contrary. Pupils with long hair will have to have it set with curlers, which is much more expensive."

Orit Zuckerman: "Maybe our boys want to look like great people like Beethoven. He had long hair."

Aryeh Nesei: "I hate to sit a long time at the barber's."

Hanna Schmidt: "In the Bible we can also find that Samson had long hair, so why can't the boys of today?"

Teacher: "Look what happened to Samson. He lost his eyesight. Isn't that symbolic? And Absalom's lot was even worse!"

Miriam Baruch: "If you see a couple in the street, you might think that they are two girls. To be like a girl is not a compliment for a boy who respects himself."

Teacher: "In Scotland self-respecting men wear a skirt too! There you recognize women only by their trousers!"

Sara Goldschlager: "Our teachers think we are like babies and they want us to be ugly and bald; they want to laugh at us."

Ruty Abudy: "I think that Shalom Hanoch is very beautiful. Long hair gives an expression to the spirit of the period. If you say that long hair is not pleasing because when we write and read, hair enters into our eyes, I say that if someone wants to be beautiful, he must suffer."

Offer Rosary: "Every pupil is responsible for his own hair."

Miriam R.: "I don't approve of long hair for boys because it eliminates the difference between girl and boy."

THEY CAME FOR THE BIBLE QUIZ

The sun was shining brightly earlier this week in Beit Hakerem, as 25 teenagers from 18 countries, who took part in the Independence Day Youth Bible Quiz, rather stolidly sat down to lunch with the press. The 25, who included a girl from Iran and a new immigrant of two years from the Soviet Union, complete with a large badge "Free Soviet Jewry" across her bosom, were all engaged in studying last week, in order to face fierce competition from three Israelis. "We don't have a hope," one teenager confided rather gloomily. "The Israelis always win. They learn it differently here."

The 25 participants seemed mostly quiet, Orthodox, and very well-behaved. Aluf-Mishne Baruch Levy, the hearty Ga'ana commander who is running this year's "Bible Camp," promised that "The Bible has the answers to the questions that youth is seeking — and it's good that they're asking." The Quiz kids, however, did not look inclined to ask too many questions.

S. B.
(Photos by Tova Weiss)



Sima Yankelovich, Israel; Clara Bern, Argentina; Judith Marovitz, Sweden; Miriam Benham, Venezuela



Doris Cwajgenbaum, Uruguay; Edna Shohani, Iran; Ethar Gravel, South Africa; Elrat Rosenbluth, Israel



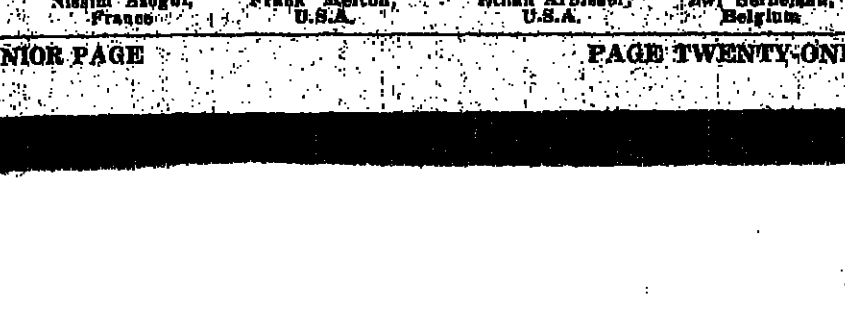
Simon Lopian, England; Carlos Benham, England; Amnon Alphas, Mexico; Aaron Kats, Argentina



Selon Todaken, Ireland; Amar Haviv, Israel; Raphael Lerner, U.S.A.; Ari Goodman, U.S.A.



Elie J. Waltsberg, Brazil; David Dabush, Brazil; Sara Benish, Australia; Nisim Asagel, France; Frank Melton, U.S.A.; Elhan Arbeson, U.S.A.; Zvi Baranov, Belgium



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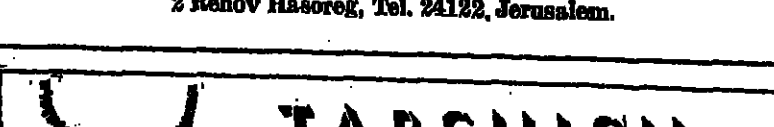
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13 Rehov Hamelech George,
Tel. 45720, Jerusalem.

Apartment in planning
Bayit Vegon
Quarter
and various
locations
in Jerusalem

Exclusive flat
on Rehov
Keren Kayemet
3-bed
rooms

Luxury flat
Rehov
Yemin Aviel
Kiryat Shalom
15-16
rooms

In the centre of
Jerusalem
Commercial Centre,
including shops and
offices, car park,
bank offices, etc.
Rehov Hahal Akiva
former
City Engineer's
bldg.

Internal plan
according to
buyer's
requirements

OFFERS
FLATS
FOR SALE

